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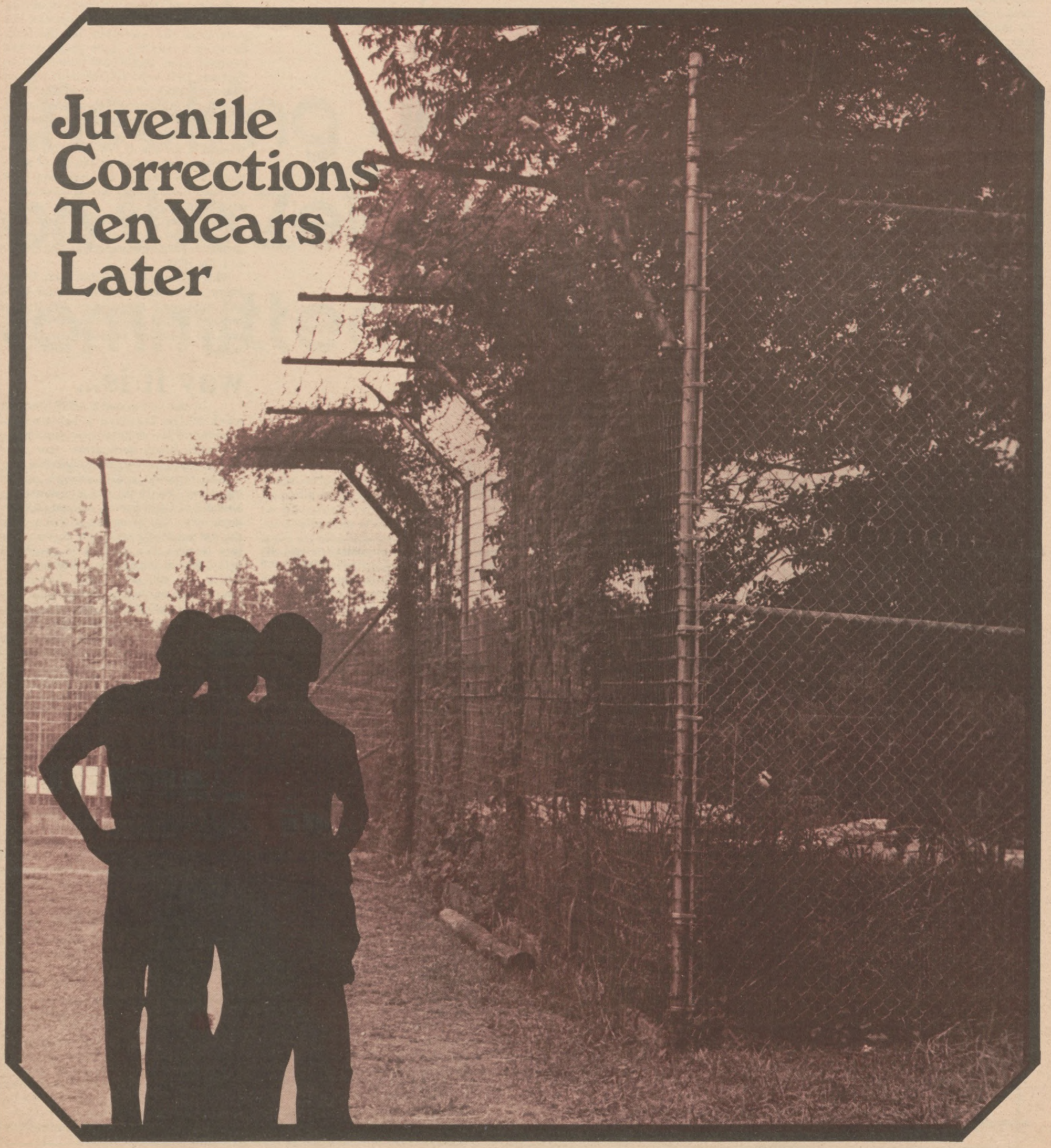
SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

osceola

Juvenile Corrections Ten Years Later



Cheap Shots

Who's hiding behind that mask? In this age of the slick sell, one of the hottest fields going is that of public relations, a service designed to smooth the way for those less-polished, to provide an acceptable image for an otherwise faceless (or worse, ugly) entity. A quick look at the South Carolina Public Relations scene:

-- Jack Bass of the Charlotte Observer reports that Cook-Reuf & Associates, the same group that assisted Senator Ernest Hollings in his last Senate campaign and which represented Governor West in his gubernatorial campaign will receive $210,000 for providing p.r. for the South Carolina State Development Board this year. Cook-Reuf also represents J.C. Penney, and has lobbied for South Carolina Electric and Gas. It was previously revealed that Cook-Reuf was retained to work for USC (a $10,000 price tag) in its effort to obtain the second medical school. The agency was paid $20,000 to assist the campaign to make Winthrop College coed. Cook-Reuf also received state funds to conduct an anti-drug program and advertising campaign last year in Florence.

-- The Richland County District One School Board is becoming increasingly concerned with its public image and has decided to mull various recommendations for improving that image made at last weeks' meeting.

-- The South Carolina Pork Board (whoever that is) has undertaken a mass media onslaught, urging folks to eat more pork. Look around: billboards, radio spots, and magazine ads. Who is the Pork Board?

Incidentally, before the rush for public relations gets too absurd and we forget who's behind the mask, remember where Zeigler, Haldeman, Erhlichman and some of the other Waterbuggers came from: Walter J. Thompson, a California Public Relations firm.

Unskilled labor

Those grossly-underpaid servants of the people ($42,500 per year) Senators Thurmond and Hollings took another noble stand against inflation last week when both voted against legislation increasing the minimum wage to $2.20 per hour. (The legislation passed the Senate 64-33). That's quite an interesting vote for Senators from a state with a high percentage of unskilled workers who work for the minimum hourly wage, at a time when, according to State Department Board figures, 52.9 percent of the families in South Carolina make $4,000 or less per year. Makes you wonder if the votes were in the interest of the average South Carolina voter or in the interest of those big-money men who paid last year's campaign expenses and will pay next year's. And by the way, what about that much-discussed Senate pay raise?

DeBordies

The DeBordieu Colony development plans may be in for a snag. In 1961, the courts ruled that DeBordieu (pronounced Debby-doo) Creek, which runs through marsh areas between Pawley's Island and Georgetown, was not technically "navigable waters," and therefore not under the jurisdiction of the regulation and permit system of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. In recent weeks, there have been frequent reports of extensive dredging along DeBordieu Creek to create "finger channels" for waterfront homesites and to connect natural inlets. *Osceola* learned this week, however, that the South Carolina division of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers is planning to seek, under a broadened definition of "navigable waters," to acquire jurisdiction over the DeBordieu Creek area, thus requiring that any further dredging and filling be done only with the permission of the Corps of Engineers.

The DeBordieu Creek dredging is part of a multi-million dollar development of DeBordieu Colony, an ult ra-exclusive resort community being built just south of Pawley's Island. The DeBordieu Colony development includes what was only three years ago probably the most beautiful unspoiled beach on the Atlantic Coast. Its pristine beaches and massive natural sand dunes were a favorite skinny-dipping spot for the hearty few willing to wade across the sound from Pawley's and walk a mile or two down the deserted beach.

No marriage

The *News and Courier* reports that The Citadel, the state-supported military college of South Carolina, plans to continue its ban on cadet marriages. The paper quoted Colonel D. D. Nicholson, vice-president for development as stating that no changes in the policy are planned despite a federal court ruling that a similar ban at the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy is unconstitutional. Nicholson reportedly said the schooling at the Citadel is "extremely demanding" and that the responsibilities of marriage would be "psychologically unfair to cadets." There are at present no females enrolled at the college.

That's the...

The annual DuPont-Columbia University Survey of Broadcast Journalism revealed this year that the audience for the three network's nightly news programs had dropped from 25,600,000 households in February 1971 to 24,700,000 households in February, 1972. Over the same period the number of television households in the United States increased by two million to over 62 million. A record high was also reached in the use of sets when last winter the average set was on an average of seven hours a day, making television the most common home activity among Americans -- after sleep.

The Survey pointed out that the number of viewers per household for the network's nightly news had decreased from 2.0 in 1968 to 1.7 in 1972.

What this means for Walter, John, Garick Harry, and Howard isn't exactly clear. But if the networks are as crass and statistic oriented as they have demonstrated in the past, no news may be good news, or vice versa.

way it is...

In case you missed the CBS News last week which featured a three-minute exposure of the circumstances surrounding the raging Aiken sterilization case ... we want to pass on a memorable quotation.

CBS reporters and cameramen entered the Aiken County jail and interviewed the husband of Carol Brown, who was told by three Aiken County physicians that because she was receiving a welfare check, she would have to agree to a sterilization procedure before they would agree to deliver her baby, which she still carries. Mrs. Brown was forced to go on welfare , she says, after her husband was jailed for passing a bad check.

The CBS reporter asked Robert Brown how he felt about the three doctors who turned his wife away after she refused to submit to sterilization.

"Well, " he replied, "I think if those doctors want to be God, they ought to put down their stethoscopes and pick up Bibles."

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VOLUME 2, NUMBER 4

Editorial Board: Randal Ashley, Jon Buchan, Dick Harpootlian, John Norton, Jim Walser

Published weekly by Parallax Media Projects, Inc., 1918 Blossom Street (P.O. Box 5033), Columbia, S.C. 29250.

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Telephone: 254-7086
(business and editorial)

Third Class postage paid at Columbia, S.C. Published weekly.

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Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome and should be sent to Managing Editor, Osceola, Box 5033, Columbia, S.C. 29250. All unused manuscripts will be returned promptly.

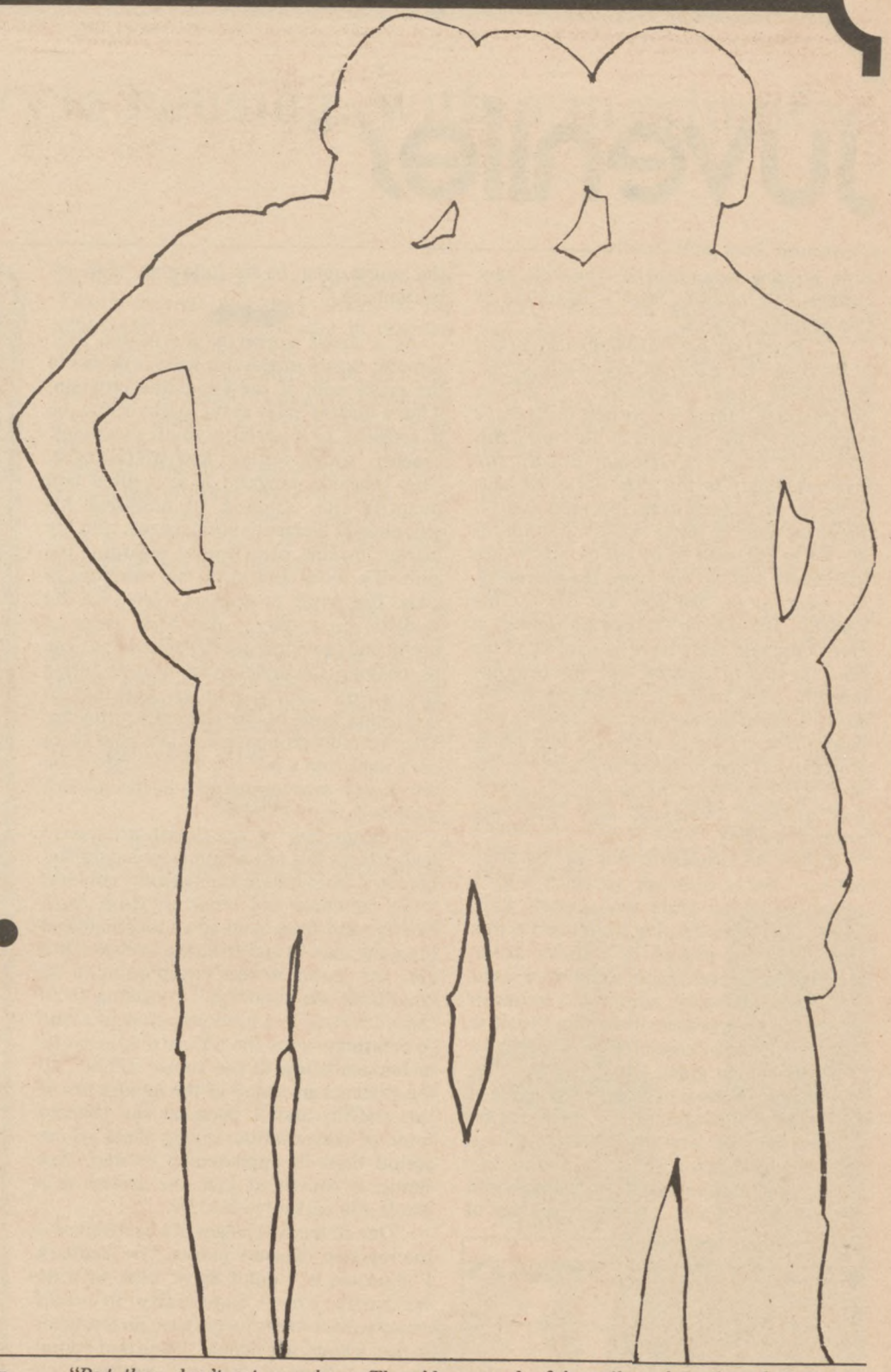
ADVERTISING

For advertising display rates, call Glenn Snyder at 254-7086 or write the above address.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions are $5 (six months), $8 (one year) and $14 (two years). Send name, address, and zip code with check or money order to:
Osceola
P.O. Box 5033
Columbia, S.C. 29250

Printed by Bruner Publications, Inc., Lexington, S.C.



Checking up on the Zeigler committee

by Jon Buchan and Dick Harpootlian

As the car from the Sheriff's Department turns off Broad River Road just outside Columbia, Susan (or it could be James, or any other South Carolina person between the ages of ten and 16) squirms in her seat and strains a little to see down the long tree-lined drive. She could be a truant or an alleged murderer. In either case, she is heading to her home for the next 45 days. The deputy driving makes no signal when the car pauses at the tall unattended wire gate, but the gate slides mysteriously open. The car eases over the absurdly redundant traffic hump and enters the South Carolina Department of Youth Services' William J. Goldsmith Reception and Evaluation Center. Behind Susan, the gate slides silently shut.

In 1970, the General Assembly passed legislation establishing the Reception and Evaluation center, and named it after the former Director of Juvenile Corrections who died of a heart attack during the headline grabbing Zeigler (then-Sen. Eugene Zeigler chaired it) Committee--initiated after national publicity in the Christian Science Monitor--had revealed the presence of widespread homosexual activity, sexual brutality, abuses of corporal punishment and inferior educational programs at several of the state's juvenile correctional institutions. When the state moved to correct these ills, it decided to experiment with a relatively innovative system of reception and evaluation of juveniles who have run into trouble with the law.

(South Carolina law permits the state to intervene in the life of a person under the age of 17 when that child is homeless, destitute, or a beggar; when the child's home is an unfit place by reason of cruelty, neglect or depravity on the part of his parents; or when that child is incorrigibly mischievous or vicious, persistently truant from school, habitually associates with criminals or vicious or immoral persons; is growing up in ignorance or idleness, or in imminent danger of becoming vicious or criminal. The constitutionality of similar statutes in other states has been attacked in the courts on the grounds of vagueness.)

Until 1970, the standard procedure permitted judges almost unlimited leeway in dealing with juvenile offenders. Employes at the R&E center cite cases in which judges were able to sentence juveniles to remain in institutions until their 21st birthday. (Even now, according to R&E employes, juveniles as young as seven are brought to R&E.) Under the present system no juvenile may be permanently committed to an institution until he has spent a 30 to 45-day period at the R&E center, about two-thirds of the children committed for evaluation have been diverted from institutional committment, with most of these receiving attention from family courts and counselors in their own communities. R.D. Bollacker, director of the R&E center, says its operations have helped reduce the population of the juvenile corrections institutions from 1100 to about 700.

The Sheriff's Department car parks in front of the intake center, a modern, sterile, air-conditioned building with three clusters of rooms, segregated by sex, and secured by metal doors and locks. At the desk inside is a television, its untiring closed circuit eye trained on the mysterious gate. It is from here that the gate is controlled. The black and white screen shows several service trucks moving in and out of the campus and the gate is left open with only an occasional glance from the intake attendant to guard it. A student-- a veteran of about 30 days with the confident open air of a student body president showing off his school-- explains that sometimes students make a run for it through the open gate.

"But they don't get anywhere. There'd be 10 students on his back in a minute. You get five days taken off your stay here if you catch a runaway. I wouldn't turn anybody in--more power to them if they can make it. But there's no real reason to run from here."

Three young blacks appeared from a door to meet the probation officer who is about to take them home. There is no tension. They know him and talk easily with him. One watches closely as Susan enters, quiet, carrying her suitcase, very much like a 15-year-old girl on her first day at camp where everybody else seems to know each other. He nods at her and says in a low voice, towards his probation officer but for us all, "The first time you come in this room, you got to be scared. You just a little afraid of getting beat up. But here ain't no reason for that. It's not so bad. They give you plenty of time to just think about what you want."

Jesse Stroy, the intake superviser, is a big light-skinned black man who is definitely in charge of his place. The students joke with him, asking him to play checkers with them, inquiring if they are going to get a pool table. The intake center is a crucial part of a student's initiation to R&E. A student remains in the reception center for about five days after he (or she) arrives (Though one talkative student mentioned he had stayed there 11 days). During that stay a student is searched for weapons and drugs, washed, given clothes, and subjected to preliminary physical, psychological, and mental aptitude tests. There is more security here than in other parts of the campus because there is more inclination to run in the first few days. Around the entire campus is a high barbed wire topped fence; which the center's director says "can be climbed by anyone in 20 seconds." Stroy explains the mood of juveniles when they first arrive: "They are really tense when they come in. I've seen big guys, big as me, break down and cry. You've got to let them know there aren't any bullies out here like they've heard, that they're not going to get beat up."

The director of the R&E center is Roland D. Bollacker, a 34-year-old University of New Hampshire graduate. He left a position as personnel director with the Central Correctional Institute which he had held for 22 months to assume his present position. He discusses easily the goals he has for his programs. "Our job is to give the courts a summary of a student's psychological, medical, and educational reactions to a certain structured environment. It is to define and identify the main problems of these children." He explains that part of the evaluation consists of taking the juveniles from the home and community environment that has apparently encouraged their existing behavior.

At the same time, he says, the 45 days at the center gives them "a taste of institutionalization," enough, presumably so they will not want more. He denies that such a taste of the institution will stigmatize a young person and cause him to define himself as "bad." "That's one reason why we changed our name to Youth Services from Department of Juvenile Corrections in 1972. We wanted to get away from the reform school image."

Bollacker is quite laudatory concerning his center's operations. He points to the reward system for good behavior and the freedom the students have on campus. The center sponsors regular Friday night dances, has visiting every Sunday (for which staffers often work overtime without extra pay) trips to Columbia to see the state fair, for tours, and to hear Rev. Bob Harrington or Issac Hayes. "And we don't have a barracks

(Continued on page four)

juveniles

(Continued from page three)

type housing arrangement. The kids have cottage-style housing, with a maximum of two people per room."

Ms. Jones (not her real name) has worked at the center since it opened, and is generally enthusiastic about its success. (I'm sold on our program. I think it's the best thing that's happened for the children of our state.) But she has some criticism about the overcrowding. "In the girls' dorm, we have room for 20 in each wing. But right now (in June) we have as many as 60 in a room for 40. We're ashamed of it, but we don't have the money and we can't turn the girls away. We want to do the best we can for the students, and we can't if they are jammed in here." She said there were mattresses on the floor for girls to sleep on, but that beds had recently been ordered. According to Ms. Jones, a social worker had been told to give several Horry County visitors a tour of the grounds and had included the dorm on the tour. After the tour, the money for the beds was quickly found and they have been ordered, she said.

After the student's stay at the R&E center, he is returned to court with a recommendation from the center's staff, which may be, according to Bollacker, that the child be placed in a foster home, returned to his real home, committed to the S.C. Mental Hospital, committed to one of the juvenile corrections institutions (such as John G. Richards School for Boys or Willow Lane School for girls), enrolled in the S.C. Opportunity School or a similar program of vocational rehabilitation. As Bollacker explains it, "We deal in feasible solutions. We could suggest idealistic recommendations regarding individuals, but that wouldn't work. A good percentage of the courts seem to be following what we recommend."

As a social worker at the center, Mrs. Jennifer Borup carries out what is probably the major role of the evaluation program. After a student's stay at the intake center, he is assigned to a specific youth counselor, teacher, social worker, and psychologist. The teaching program is accredited and permits the student to continue his schooling at a close to normal pace, with the teacher making observations regarding the student's social and academic reactions in class. The youth counselors work with the students on a day to day basis, living in dorms and providing general counseling. The psychologists complete various tests during the 45-day period in an attempt to determine some of the student's problems. They conduct group sessions (see box) twice each week, but avoid too much emphasis on one-to-one sessions because such intimacy inhibits group activity.

It is the job of the social workers to integrate all this information, including that obtained from letters and personal contacts with teachers and relatives, from court history, and from reading all incoming and outgoing mail to and from the students. It is also the social worker's responsibility to coordinate the "staffing," a meeting of all those involved in a particular student's case to determine what the official diagnosis and recommendation to the courts will be. All the students are aware of the importance of this staffing and it becomes the primary topic of conversation among those whose period there is approaching its end. Mrs. Borup is convinced that the system as a whole is remarkably effective.

"One of the best judges of effectiveness is the reaction of court judges. The feedback I 'm getting is 'I don't know what we'd do without you.' Especially in small communities where judges have no resources to deal with young people. There is of course some question of "stigma"--anytime you take a child out of a community and put him in a place like this you define him as different. But I don't think judges are really treating this as a correctional institution."

Mrs. Borup points out that the sense of stigma is reduced by housing the 200 or so students according to their size and the nature their offense, separating in theory the harder core from the lesser offenders. She is aware of many potential problems at the center, but quick to show its assets. For example: "We're not a maximum security place and we occasionally have some drugs smuggled in. . . .But we do not have a drug problem here now."

Government-operated institutions of any sort have been traditionally difficult to investigate because of existing bureaucracies and security measures which officials can claim prevent their complete candor. This true at R&E. Despite an innovative program and meny well-trained employes, the center has its problems, and it is difficult to persuade officials to discuss them. Several were, however, willing to offer some examples of its problems.

One of the most disturbing revelations of the Zeigler Hearings was the degree of abuse of corporal punishment at many of the state's juvenile institutions. Actually, there is a code permitting corporal punishment and carefully defining its bounds. ONe employe explained it specifies "five licks on the buttocks, with a paddle that can't be more than two inches wide, with a witness. Then the student must be taken to the nurse and inspected. The nurse must make a written statement that there are no bruises or abrasions. When questioned about corporal punishment, Bollacker said "We use no corporal punishment here at all. There are no armed guards." (At this point, a guard entered the office with a cannister of spray attached to his belt, which, Bollacker explained, upon being questioned, was mace.) "That's the only weapon we have on campus other than our mouths." Some form of mace or riot control spray such as the milder, federal streamer, is carried by several of the employees. Most of those who carry it wear it on their belts. Jesse Stroy often carried his in his back pocket. During an interview, Stroy pulled the deodorant-sized can from his pocket and explained his feelings about his spray: "All it does is burn your skin and eyes. You can wash it off with soda and water. I've never even used it but once. I don't really believe in it. I show them my pen. This is better than any weapon because this is what we use to tell the judge about them."

The head security officer of the center said he has known of "only 12" instances that mace has been used at the center. Employees related two of them:

"The day before it happened the child who got maced told me that the other kids were picking on him. He is obviously mentally retarded so it is hard to tell if he was imagining it or if it was real. His social workers had him moved out of his dorm, though. The next day I was sitting there and one of the kids came in and said Mr. Gailliard was breaking up a fight. I asked who was fighting and he said Child X and a white boy. Just as Gailliard broke it up, Officer Y came across the yard. He told the white boy to sit down and then he began to back Child X toward the building. He was yelling in the child's face and pushing him. The child kept on backing up and never raised a hand. By this time there was a big circle of boys around Officer Y and Child X. By the time they got near the building Officer Y began to take off his watch and tie— sort of making like it was going to be a big show. Officer Y then backed the child into the rest room and closed the door. When they came out the child had been maced in the face. He couldn't see so they took him to the nurse. One of the secretaries tried to call Bollacker, but I don't think she ever got him.

Two other employees told of a second, more recent incident.

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"...the kids have cottage style housing, with a maximum of two people per room..."

ENCOUNTER

"They take turns closing eyes and touching the partner's face, learning about the other silently."

Inside the small black-walled room gather eight young girls and boys, 12-16 years old—only the psychologist directing the class and myself, a professional observer, are over 16, and both of us under 30. A video-tape television camera whirs almost unnoticeably in one corner, carrying its signal to a black and white screen on a table. The idea here is to video-tape the group sessions and later play it back for the participants, allowing them to view more objectively their own social behavior and the reactions of their peers to this behavior. The hope is that watching the film will reinforce an individual's socially acceptable and desirable behavior, and discourage his anti-social and undesirable behavior.

At the beginning there is an odd number and I am asked to participate. Besides, they are curious about my presence—they know little about each other, but nothing about me. They at least know that someone else decided each of them should be here, but they wonder why I am here.

At first, we hold hands and walk slowly in a circle, smiling badly, smile muscles straining. No one is sure what he is expected to do. No one does anything and the circle relaxes and becomes comfortable. One person moves into the center and tries to break through our held hands. Hands grip tighter, teamwork and game-playing mutuality of interests becomes natural. Then we all close in on the center person, touching him, pushing him, pressing him, letting the sense of touching people become less awkward.

Later the game is one of face-touching. I am now an observer, running the camera. The groups pair off, some boys with girls, other boys with boys, the touching is gentle, but obviously not sexual. They take turns closing eyes and touching the partner's face, learning about the other silently. The oldest boy in the group, long black hair pulled into an unruly ponytail, has been skeptical up to now, but feels the face of the girl across from him like a blind sculptor renewing his acquaintance with his masterpiece. A black child, the youngest in the room, the perpetual clown, becomes solemn and quiet during the experience of the exercise. Afterwards, they discuss what they felt while touching. The session ends, too soon for some, after 45 minutes. The camera is shut off—they will view the session on tape next week.

Outside at the water fountain, one girl who has been quiet, and very shy during the session, tells a friend she thinks the sessions are "a lot of crap." Two of the students, however, stay after the session to talk to the psychologist about the good the sessions are doing them.

Next week, the screen will show these young people how they acted around their friends, zooming out to show the group, occasionally zooming in to capture—sometimes painfully, sometimes joyfully—the expressions of isolated individuals. The world outside has decided these young people need help in learning how to deal with the society outside the walls of the R&E Center. One of their problems seems to be a lack of communication between individuals, and a vacuum of confidence that one's feelings won't be interpreted as silly or worthless, a need for assurance that others will react positively to one's overtures of friendship.

If these are their problems, then they are different from those of the rest of us only by a matter of degree.

"They couldn't get this kid to get quiet. He was locked in the confinement room and they maced [or "streamed"] him all day long. He was loud and disruptive and that is not a valid use of mace. That's going to be the case as long as it's carried. It shouldn't be carried around in their pockets.

"The evaluation process is probably exceptional here. The problems come in the day to day physical care of the children. One of the problems is in the difficulty of training people how to control the kids. We have too few, and mostly undertrained youth counselors."

Because of the publicity of the homosexual activity in state juvenile institutions brought to light by the Zeigler Committee, it is a particularly touchy subject today.

When asked about homosexual activity at the center (which is about one-third girls and two-thirds boys) Bollacker said," I would never call it homosexual activity. I think it's more sex play than any overt sex act. These kids are at the age where they start exploring and talking about sex. If one of them says, 'I'm going to put it to you,' he is just boasting."

Bollacker asserted there had not been a case of syphilis or gonorrhea since he has been there. Two different sources on campus said, however, that while homosexual activity was not rampant by any means, it was present at the center. One of the sources claimed to have observed a group of children going to the nurse to get a shot for "the clap." When the source asked the child how he and others had contracted the disease, his response indicated homosexual contact had exposed them to it.

After the evaluation period at the center, the juveniles are released to be returned to face disposition before the court that sent them there. In those counties which have developed family court systems [such as Richland], provisions are made for family counselors to care for the child between his/her release and his/her court appearance. One employee, highly respected by her peers for her commitment to the Department of Youth Services expressed dismay at the treatment of some juveniles in counties which have no family court.

"What these judges don't know about the law would fill a book. I know of a half-dozen cases in which an offense has been committed by a child just under 17 and the judge has held him in jail waiting until he is 17 and can be prosecuted as an adult. We've known of cases in some counties where they've thrown truants in jail with drunks and we've had some unfortunate incidents happen.

"That's why we need family court systems. The other counties pick them up and put them in jail, treat them just like adults. Some of them stay there for three weeks before they come here. And they are so dirty sometimes when they get here, they can't wait to take a bath."

The area of juvenile corrections is of necessity a delicate field, and one in which South Carolina has taken great steps in recent years to handle properly. The potential of the reception and evaluation system, with its planned system of increasing local operations is tremendous. The forward look in planning includes modern housing and recreational facilities at the R&E Center. But it is unfortunate that as in most government agencies, those individuals who can offer the best constructive criticism are silenced or forced to speak from behind the mask of anonymity in order to protect their jobs and their present effectiveness.

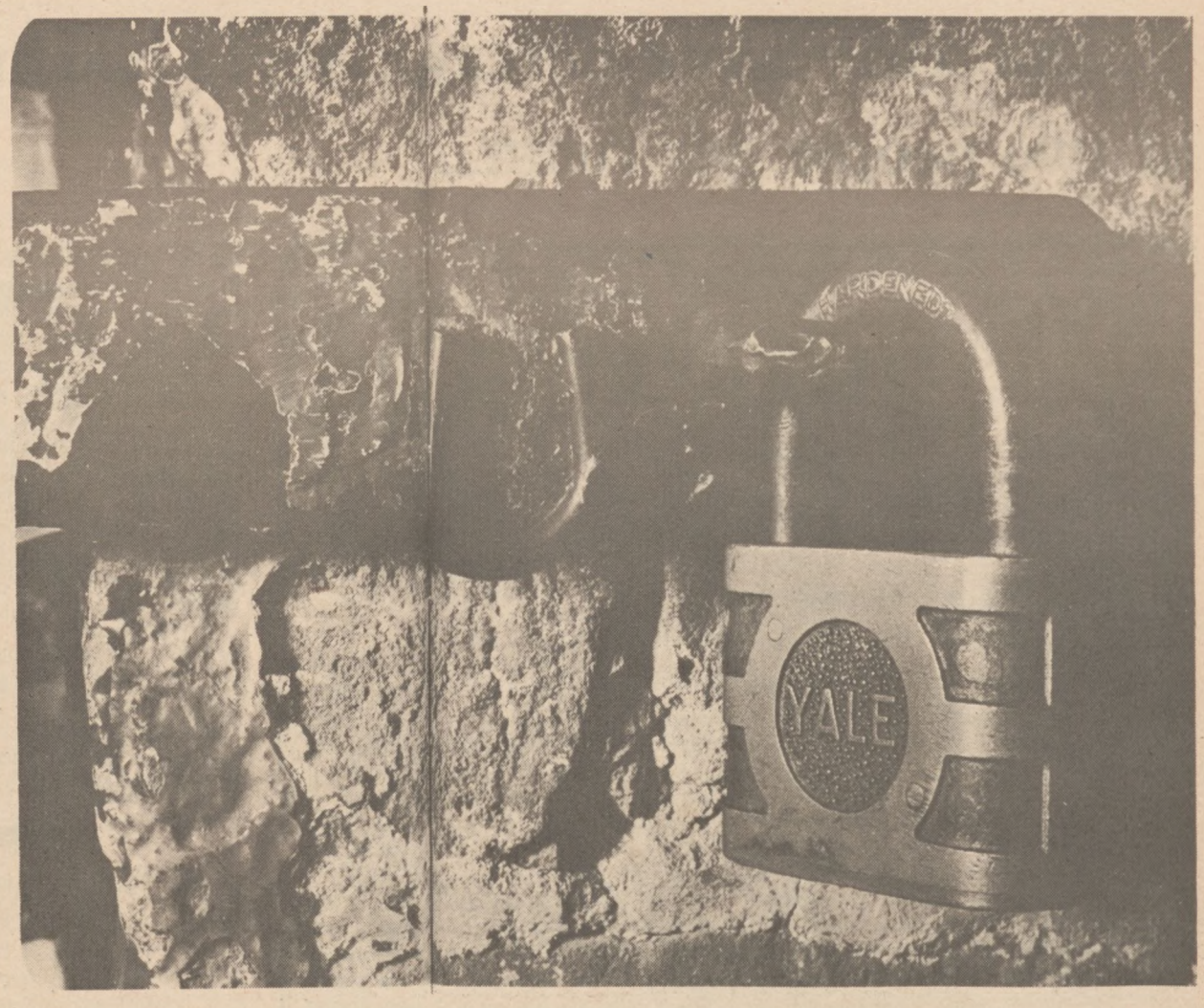
There remain other areas to be examined with candor on the part of R&E officials; the use of tranquilizers on students and the quality of teaching at the center. Many of the questions raised by R&E employees emphasize the need for a thorough study on the rights of juveniles in South Carolina. Most of the young staff members are optimistic that the proper answers can be found. As Mrs. Jennifer Borup puts it, "I look forward to the day when our jobs can cease to exist."

IN MEMORY OF BOB MADAMA

DECEMBER 12, 1944 - JULY 14, 1973

Attorney for the poor ... friend ... a man of wit and warmth... an idealistic cynic... His presence will be sorely missed by all of us.

Attorneys as bailbondsmen: an ethical question?



by Dick Harpootlian

According to officials close to the state judicial system, judges and magistrates throughout South Carolina may be providing attorneys with a lucrative conflict of interest -- in fact, the practice of allowing attorneys to use their wives and other close relatives as bail bondsmen is so widespread that one county official insists that "It is done by virtually every attorney handling criminal work in the state."

A hypothetical case will serve to explain.

A man is arrested for breaking and entering. During the process of arrest he is told of his right to remain silent, his right to have an attorney present during questioning, his right to have an attorney appointed if he cannot afford one. Apparently the utmost care is being taken to insure that the accused's guilt or innocence will be determined without any prejudice or harrassment.

When he reaches the arraignment step of the process, a magistrate or judge sets bail at $5000. What this means is that the innocent-until-proven-guilty-defendant either has to deposit $5000 in cash with the clerk of court or offer property appraised for at least that amount as security for his appearance in court to face the charges. A third option offered the accused is to pay a bail bondsman 10% of the bail in exchange for the bondsman's signature on a surety bond. In this hypothetical case the accused would have to pay a fee of $500 to get out of jail. If he doesn't have the $500 he will , in all likelihood, spend the next several months in jail waiting to prove his innocence.

The practice of having a person accused of a crime offer security to insure his appearance in court has been used throughout jurisprudential history. In England the common law allowed the sheriff discretion as to whether or not he would require bail, for if the accused failed to appear in court it was the sheriff who was held legally responsible.

In the transition of English common law to statutory law in America, some authorities assert a significant development occured: bail became a right rather than a court annointed privilege. The Eighth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution exemplified this and numerous state statutes reflected similar sentiments. In the Ohio Territory an ordinance was passed in the late 18th century which read: "all persons shall be bailable, unless for capital offenses, where the proof shall be evident, or the presumption of guilt shall be great; all fines should be moderate..." (It should be noted, however, that capital crimes included: adultery, buggery, and thefts of articles valued at more than fifty dollars.)

The assumption of underlying the necessity of bail was that if the person accused of committing a serious crime was set free he would either flee or commit another crime or both. Some legal authorities point out that while these certainly were the factors contributing to the frequent use of bail in relatively recent times, they may not be the root causes which initiated the use of bail. They argue that the institution of requiring financial security of criminal defendants awaiting trial derives from a system of private contractural arrangements designed in part to insure that the victim's relatives would receive remuneration for the wrong inflicted.

The U.S. Supreme Court in *Stack v. Boyle*, a McCarthy era case, held that $50,000 bail was an excessive amount violating the Eighth Amendment right to reasonable bail. The Court further noted that, "the traditional right to freedom before conviction permits the unhampered preparation of a defense and serves to prevent the infliction of punishment prior to conviction.

"The right to release before trial is conditioned upon the accused's giving adequate assurance that he will stand trial and submit to sentence if found guilty." Bail is "set at a figure higher than an amount reasonably calculated to fulfill this purpose is excessive."

As a result of cases such as *Stack* a reshaping of bail law came in the form of the Model State Bail Reform Act. The Act, which South Carolina adopted in 1969, specifies that an individual accused of non-capital crime "*shall*" be released on his own recognizance "*without surety*" unless the court determines the individual poses an imminent threat to the community or that there is a reasonable presumption he will flee. Even if the magistrate or judge determines that the individual does not qualify for release on personal recognizance the Act lists several other options, including: release on surety bond; placing the person in the custody of a designated person or organization agreeing to supervise him; placing restrictions on his travel of associations; or imposing any other condition deemed reasonably necessary to assure his appearance in Court.

The Bail Reform Act, created to alleviate the need for innocent parties to serve months in jail just waiting for trial, has had one major problem in South Carolina—no one uses it. According to observers of the state's judicial system the failure to utilize the Reform Act is due directly to the state's attorneys' failure to advocate lower bail or release on personal recognizance.

The attorney's reluctance to advocate release on personal recognizance or lower bail may be due to a direct conflict of

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"...Either go to jail or pay the piper..."

interest. Although state law prohibits its attorneys from acting as bondsmen, the law does not specifically prohibit the wives, mothers, or aunts of lawyers from doing so. The result is that while the attorney is under a duty to his client to be his advocate in all matters, including bail, he is making money for doing just the opposite.

The Code of Judicial Responsibility and Canons of Judicial Ethics, adopted by the South Carolina Supreme Court on June 1 of this year, says, "A lawyer should not accept...employment if his personal interests...affect adversely the advice to be given or services to be rendered the prospective client."

Officials at the Richland County jail and county court house admit that most lawyers who deal in "criminal work" utilize a close relative as their bail bondsman. While the practice apparently isn't lucrative for most practitioners, records at the Richland County Jail reveal that some lawyer's wives made as much as $1500 profit in one day just getting a client out of jail.

Robert Kneece is a practicing criminal lawyer in Richland County; he is in the South Carolina House of Representatives and also is chairman of the House Judiciary Committee. Kneece says he would like to see all defendants released on personal recognizance with the stipulation that if they commit a crime or flee before their trial they will automatically become permanently unbondable. He also said that the relative-bondsman system is used in Columbia because traditionally Columbia has been a close-knit community with no real need for professional bondsmen. "Used to be everyone knew each other and the lawyer having his wife or mother sign for the bond was just a technicality, it was understood it was part of the fee," Kneece explained. He said that now that Columbia's population was becoming more transient, attorney's were going to be hesitant to put their property up as security for defendants they knew nothing about and may never see again.

An attorney's fears of losing the security he may have had his wife post seem unfounded. Ed Mustard of the Richland County Solicitor's office says that while the Solicitor may urge that bond be forfeited when a defendant fails to appear for trial, the court rarely follows the Solicitor's suggestion. Other officals at the court house say attorneys are "almost never" asked to turn over the cash or property their wives have used to secure the bond. Apparently, then, the bail-bond business in Columbia is a lot less risky than many would have the public believe.

Harold Jacobs, president of the South Carolina Bar Association, when asked if he saw any conflict of interest in an attorney using his wife as a bailbondsman said, "I don't see any conflict of interest, but there may be a technical avoidance of the statute which prohibits attorneys from serving as bondsmen."

Jacobs responded differently, however, when he was asked if the relationship constituted a conflict of interest when examined in light of the Bail Reform Act. "That might very well do it."

Eldon Wedlock, president of the South Carolina Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union expressed extreme displeasure with the situation, "This is the archtypical case of ignoring the law in South Carolina; however, this is more blatant. At least in the other instances there are defensible positions; I haven't heard anyone defend this practice."

While Wedlock sympathizes with the legal profession's attempt to make a living, "as long as it is legal, the question is where you have the money going into the same bank account and declared on a joint tax return, is it legal?"

Judge Robert George of Columbia's City Court indicated that while many attorneys who appear before him may ask for a reduction in bail, "they rarely ask for a release on personal recognizance." Judge George indicated that most of the request he hears for release on personal recognizance are made by the Richland County Public Defender's attorneys. The Public Defender's clients are indigents who oftentimes do not have the money to post the bond or even meet the 10% fee of the bondsman. For them then it is either release on personal recognizance or nothing.

Judge George insisted he takes a variety of factors into account when considering whether or not to release a person on personal recognizance. The Judge says that he examines the person's past record and looks to see whether their record indicates they would flee or commit another crime while awaiting trial. The Judge admits, though, that he releases "very few" defendants on personal recognizance.

Although no statistics are available for South Carolina, a three-year study done by the Vera Institute in New York City indicated Judge George may be somewhat too cautious in allowing release on personal recognizance. The Vera Institute, in cooperation with New York City judicial officials interviewed over 10,000 they found that over 65% qualified for release when standards similar to those enumerated in the Bail Reform Act were applied. Of those freed, fewer than 2% failed to appear for trial—half the no-show rate of defendants who posted bail.

As South Carolina's criminal justice system adjudicates and weighs and metes out and provides law and order, the judges are confronted with a statutory question; the attorneys have to face an ethical question and the defendants have to face the prospect of either going to jail or paying the piper.

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Bill Harden's Troubles with Educa

By John Norton

"...There's not a school district in this state with the courage to hire me as superintendent. They don't know what they're missing..."

"I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that if I were to run for state superintendent of education, I could beat Cyril Busbee," Bill Harden said with calculated calmness.

"I know I can beat him. I know this for several reasons. The public has lost confidence in the public schools; they've lost confidence in the current superintendent. I know many teachers, for example, who are very disenchanted with the current superintendent. I also know the reception I got from the political group I talked with recently."

Thirty-two year old Harden is something new to South Carolina politics and South Carolina education. His "rise" to noteiriety began six months ago when the *Charleston News & Courier*published a piece written by Harden entitled "The Trouble With Education." The article, in the form of a self-interview, was originally submitted to the South Carolina Education Association (SCEA) Journal; Harden insists it was accepted for publication but was subsequently rejected when a review board found his criticisms of district school superintendents "too controversal."

A sample: "(Superintendents) have failed to provide the kind of dynamic, aggressive leadership that districts so desperately need--and they have failed for one of the three reasons I have mentioned: laziness, indifference, or incompetence."

SCEA Journal editor Patsy Towery has a different understanding of her publication's stance regarding Harden's article; "We held out no promises that the article would be accepted," she says.

Regardless of who misunderstood who, Harden's article set off a chain of events which may well result in his 1974 candidacy for the state's top education post--a position held for the past eight years by Dr. Cyril Busbee.

At the time his article was published in the Charleston newspaper, Harden was employed as Coordinator of Federal Projects and Director of Instruction in tiny Bowman School District of Orangeburg County.

''When the essay came out," Harden explains, "the (Bowman) school superintendent took it as a personal affront to him, which it was not. The article came out on Saturday. On Monday morning when I went in, I didn't espect any great blast from the superintendent. . . .he's a pretty quiet guy. But he said, I want to see you in my office right now! He waved the newspaper in the air and said, 'I demand an explanation. Do you think I'm lazy, incompetent, or indifferent?' And of course I could have said yes to all three of them . . .but you know, in a situation where your job is riding on everything, I said, 'Well, no, I didn't say that about you.' And he said, 'Well, you identified yourself as being associated with this school district; it's very plain who you're pointing your finger at.' And I said, 'I'm not pointing a finger at you. I spoke about education in general. As you recall, in the past year or so I've been to a number of school districts in the state on school business and this is just my general impression.' And I had. . .I've been to more since then and its still my impression."

This conversation took place in February, 1973. Harden had been working in the Bowman system for a year and a half, writing and implementing projects funded by federal Title programs. During most of this time, according to Harden, he had been complaining to the superintendent and later the state department of education concerning the "gross misuse" of Title I funds in the Bowman school district. "Each time I warned the superintendent about the misuse," Harden says, "I was told not to worry about it; that he would take full responsibility."

In April, Harden learned that his contract with the Bowman schools would not be renewed for the 1973-74 school year. The reason given by the school board was "tardiness," but Harden insists that his public statements concerning the shortcomings of the public education system was the prime motivation for the board's refusal to rehire him. "I was tardy," he admits, "but it had no effect on my job performance." Shortly after he learned of his dismissal, Harden was told by State Title I Coordinator Jack Seurynck to "either shut up or put my charges in writing. I told him he would have them next week." Before forwarding his charges to the state department, Harden says he presented copies to his superintendent and school board chairman, both of whom "blew up." "You just can't take no for an answer," Harden says the superintendent told him. "You realize we may have to pay some of this money back?" Harden says he replied that "I've been warning you about this for months."

A four-man team from the state department went to Bowman and carried out an investigation of Harden's charges. "They made every attempt to discredit me," Harden says. "But I was determined that the investigation would be fair—and it was fair—due largely I feel to the pressures I brought about by contacting Senators Hollings and Thurmond, Congressman (Floyd) Spence, the NAACP, and HEW."

In an official report completed in June, Seurynck informed the Bowman district trustees and ad- ministrators that a number of violations of federal Title I regulations had been found during the investigation. Shortly after the report was received, Harden says he was ordered to vacate his office "immediately." "I told the superintendent I wanted to make some phone calls," Harden says, "but he told me 'no phone calls.' We want you to leave now." Over the superintendent's protests, Harden called his attorney, who advised him to leave.

Harden has since filed a $450,000 suit against the school district in state court, which charges that "on or about February 17,1973, plaintiff's criticisms of certain practices and deficiencies of the public schools in the state, and particularly of certain administrative policies in practice were published in the *Charleston News and Courier*. From that date plaintiff has been harassed, pressured, and discriminated against for expressing his views publically. This campaign of harassment culminated in plaintiff's dismissal from further employment with the defendant school." Harden also sought an injunction requiring the

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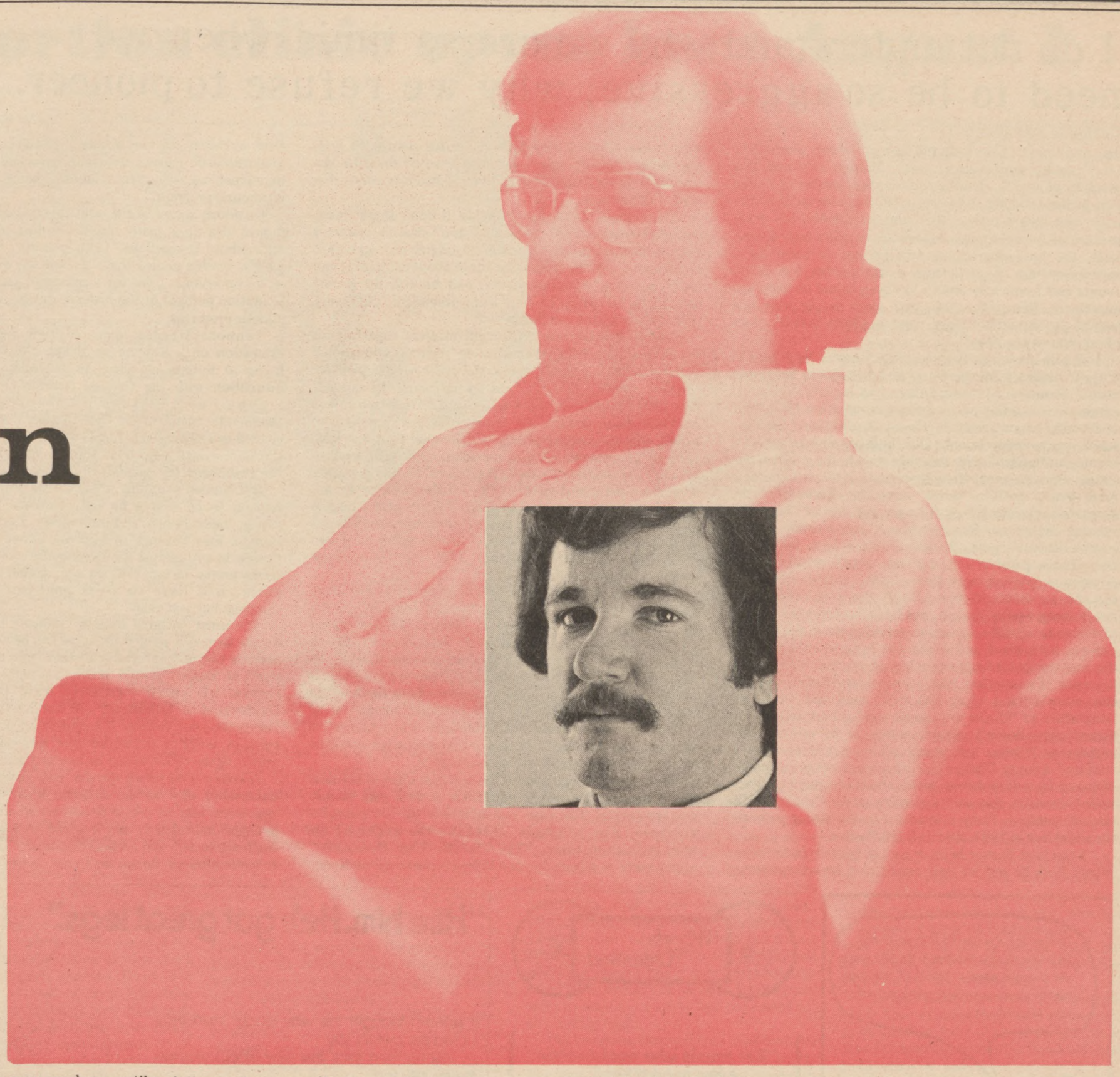


district to retain him as an employee until such time as the suit is settled. Somewhat to the surprise of both he and his attorney, the request for injunction was taken under advisement, but no decision has yet been reached. "Frankly, I don't hold out much hope for the injunction for the simple reason that it would probably be unprecedented...I just can't see circuit judges in South Carolina doing anything that...that new."

Meanwhile, Harden says the harassment has become more severe. Rumors were started in Bowman, he says, indicating that he was dating a black woman. "A black leader told me it was an attempt to drive a wedge between myself and the local black community," which has supported Harden in his charges against the school system.

Several weeks ago, Harden received a phone call, threatening the lives of the children of an Orangeburg woman who he had dated frequently.

"When you receive a call like that, it's an emotional thing. It's hard to recall exactly what was said, but to the best of my recollection a male voice said, 'Is this Mr. Harden?,' and I said, 'Yes.'

'You're a very stubborn man. You'd better lay off. Somebody's gonna get hurt real bad.'

'What are you talking about?'

'You know what we're talking about. You've caused enough trouble. You'd better lay off or get out. How would you like to see one of those kids with a busted face or a broken back?' "

Harden says he remembers that phrase very clearly. " 'What are you talking about?' I said. I thought they meant some kids in Bowman. " The caller then mentioned the Orangeburg woman's name.

"How would you like to see one of her kids that way?" the voice said. "We're dead serious."

"Before I could say 'you low-down son of a bitch,' he hung up," Harden explained.

Harden says he has only received the one call, "but he said he would only call once. Nothing's happened so far, but I haven't received much publicity since then. A press release or a newspaper story may set them off."

A few weeks ago, Harden was invited to speak to a group of Republican Party leaders—he will not admit directly that he spoke to the Republicans, but..."Let's put it this way," he says, "I was invited to speak to one of the two major parties on my view concerning public education. The topic of my potential candidacy came up at this meeting, and I didn't deny the fact that I'm interested. Also, I might say this; I'm going to speak to the other party in the next couple of weeks."

Harden says he has been greatly encouraged by the interest of state party leaders and educational groups to whom he has spoken; "I simply express to them my concern about public education today, and the response is staggering."

It's likely that many members of the state's educational establishment look upon Harden as a young upstart, a smartass punk out to make a name for himself. His personality contributes to this image; he can be abrupt and close to arrogant at times; he exudes self-confidence and displays a great deal of admiration for his own abilities.

"There's not a school district in this state with the courage to hire me as superintendent," Harden says matter-of-factly. "They don't know what they're missing."

Harden demanded a meeting with Dr. Busbee this past spring while the federal funds controversy was raging. As the meeting came to a close, Harden turned to Busbee and said' "You ought to be damn glad that you've got people like me in the public school system." He says Busbee replied, "Well, maybe we should."

Harden's ego is commensurate with his success in his field. During a recent interview, he produced letters of recommendation (for a district superintendent's job at an undisclosed location) which contained high praise from several outstanding South Carolina educators. The Anderson native is one of six contributors to the state chemistry curriculum guide and is currently teaching physics at Orangeburg TEC. During his stint as federal coordinator in Bowman, Harden devised a summer Title I program which he says was praised by state Title I coordinator Seurynck—the same individual whom he charges turned a deaf ear to his complaints about the mishandling of federal money. The summer program was featured in an SCEA Journal story, but Harden says his superintendent in Bowman was angered by the publicity and refused to allow the *Orangeburg Times and Democrat* to publish a similar story about the program. "My personal impression was that the superintendent was reluctant to have any publicity appear which might detract from the private school in Bowman." (The Bowman NAACP has charged the local school board and superintendent with complicity in the organization and operation of Bowman Academy—a situation which gained national publicity recently with the publication of a Sunday feature in the *Washington Post*.)

Harden is also a member of MENSA, the international organization whose membership is limited to individuals with extremely-high IQ's and he is chairman of South Carolina MENSA's Committee for Gifted Youth. He also serves as a board member of the South Carolina Sciene Teachers' Association, a group described by the Orangeburg Times and Democrat as a "prestige organization."

Harden strongly resents the implication that he is too young and inexperienced to run for the state superintendent's post. "I get very distressed when people say—it's the old myth that you've got to have 400 years of experience...that you've got to go step-by-step. The reason

(Continued on page ten)

I do not understand why we are so timid when we need to be so aggressive; why we refuse to pioneer...

(Continued from page nine)

that myth exists is to keep the men at the top where they are." In his controversial essay, Harden explored this question of age: "...there is a substantial number of young men in the teaching and lower-administrative ranks of the state who would make super superintendents, but who, because of overall limited experience or short-term service with the local district are ignored out of hand for a superintendency. Experience is a dear teacher, but ability counts and frequently ability has been found to outweigh experience. Remember, too, that some people have one year of experience ten times, whereas others have ten years of experience one time."

It is perhaps too early to accurately assess the extent to which Harden's inexperience and occasional arrogance could damage his campaign for superintendent of education—assuming he received a nomination from "one of the two major parties." (He says he wouldn't consider running as an independent.) But these are strange times we live in. South Carolinians have not gone to the polls to elect a state superintendent since November, 1969, or to put it in more purely political terms, since the advent of "fully integrated education," in the vast majority of the state's school districts. Since Busbee's last election to the superintendent's post, 25,000 children have left South Carolina's public schools—last year's private school population totalled more than 40,000. Busbee, of course, cannot be blamed for all of the problems of the newly-desegregated system. but he *is* the foremost symbol of the state's public education establishment, and a lot of parents, both black and white, are damned unhappy with the way things are—and regardless of whether that anger is the result of integration, high private school tuition costs, or the simple fact that kids can't read and write, the temptation to "throw the rascals out" is everpresent. The Constitution doesn't require voters to be rational...just registered. Witness last year's school board election in Richland County District One which saw every incumbent defeated by a Republican team whose campaign promises boiled down to one very appealing word—"change." The state Republican Party is sensitive to the strong potential for a backlash in 1974. And so is Bill Harden.

"I can beat Busbee because he's defaulted on too many things. Both he and the state department are too concerned with image. There's very little desire for change. In fact, somebody recently asked me how I would describe the current system of education and I described it as a dottering herd of dinoosaurs.

"Dr. Busbee...and I don't like to...I don't think this is character assassination, because I don't deal in character assassination... I think it's matter of judging him on his job performance. Dr. Busbee is notorious about pampering and molly coddling superintendents, and he will do almost anything to protect the superintendent. He's very politically oriented and motivated."

Harden is extremely critical of the state department's much-publicized five-year plan to upgrade educational quality in the state. "I think the goals of the plan are basically sound," he says, "but the department has made very little effort to involve teachers and administrators on a statewide basis in achieving these goals. I'm beginning to believe that the state department's five-year plan is at least partially propaganda. A state department official recently told me the program has been least successful in its efforts to upgrade math and verbal skills—yet this is the program's most important goal. I think one of the plan's biggest problems thus far has been the fact that educators haven't been involved on a local level. I would guess only two percent of the classroom teachers in this state even know there is a five-year plan.

Despite his candidness, Harden appears to have some political savvy. While he denies that he has developed a radical image, he is anxious now to downplay his association with the Bowman NAACP and other black organizations—perhaps because he realizes that to be elected, he will have to draw support from not only blacks but a great many white conservatives ready to flock to the Republican ticket. Harden also has that special talent common to most successful politicians—when he feels a subject is too sensitive to discuss or that discussion would be premature, he can speak without substance.

Harden is also cognizant of the fact that some of his ideas for revamping the public education system may be too controversial for easy consumption by his potential electors. For example, Harden was asked if his well-publicized essay, "The Trouble With Education," might serve as a basis for developing a campaign platform. One section of the essay proposes "transfer of interscholastic athletic endeavors from the public school to municipalities, with current facilities being used for a strong intramural program."

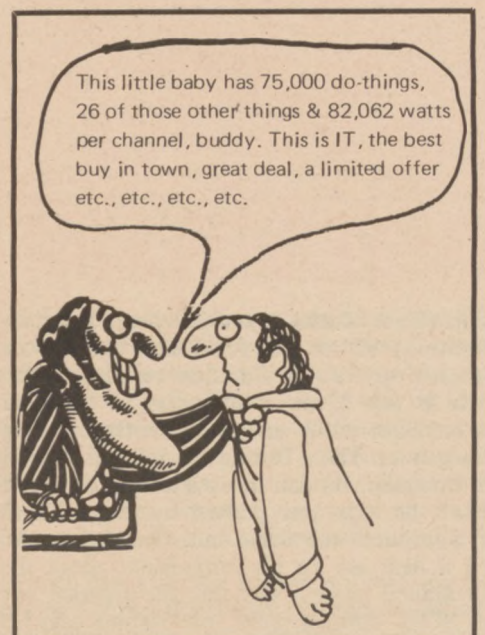
Obviously aware of the political consequences of such a radical idea (how many South Carolina voters would add high school football to "God, country, Mom, and apple pie?"), Harden replied that, "I think the essay would serve as an embryonic basis for a campaign platform, with the exception perhaps of the material dealing with high school athletic programs."

Suppose Harden were elected Superintendent of Education on a Republican ticket. Could he realistically hope to initiate his plans to revitalize South Carolina education with the General Assembly's education and finance committees dominated by old-line Democrats—members of Cyril Busbee's club? "If I were elected as a Republican, I feel I would have no problem with the Democratic majority," Harden answers. "If I can beat the incumbent, the mandate of the people will be clear."

Bill Harden's running; there's little doubt about that. It remains to be seen if he can overcome the problems of youth, inexperience, and immodesty. But whether it's Bill Harden, Inez Eddings, or someone as yet unknown who is chosen to run against the Democratic incumbent, one fact seems pretty certain—Dr. Busbee, should he choose to run again, will have to break precedent and do a little campaigning next year.

The usual "reliable sources" indicate that Busbee may decide to resign next year, as he will be able to retire on a pension not uncomfortably distant from his present salary level. If Busbee should retire, a number of candidates, several of which currently hold posts within the Department of Education, will run in a free-for-all for the Democratic nomination. If an individual outside the current system were nominated, the Republican chances of capturing the office would be lessened considerably.

Harden's thrown down his gauntlet: "I do not understand why we are so timid when we need to be so aggressive; why we refuse to pioneer where trailblazing is so strongly indicated. I am inspired to issue the following challenge to any and all who may hear, "Unless you wish to be made a fool of, do not say to me, 'It can't be done.'"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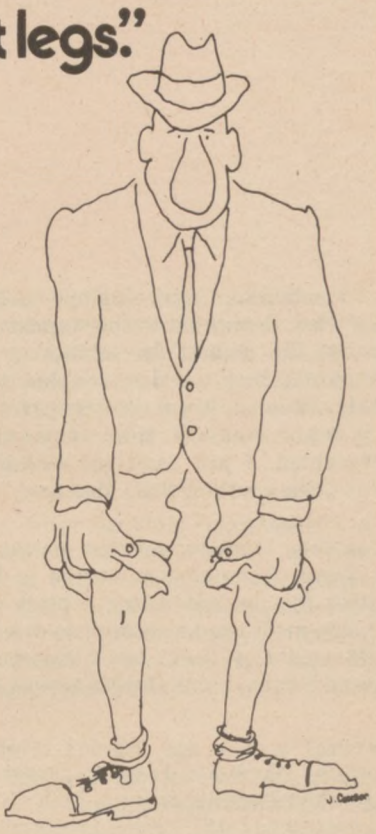

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Abortion clinic opens here August 1

by Jon Buchan

While I interviewed Ms. Linda Drilling and Mr. Ron Wimbush, the administrators of Southern Women's Services, Inc., South Carolina's first legal abortion clinic, scheduled to open August 1, the telephone in the brightly painted office rang. Ron answered it, talking quietly for a few minutes while Ms. Drilling, a plump, attractive, 32-year-old woman, talked with me. Ron, a tall lithe 27-year-old black man with a flashy shirt and wide white bowtie, came back shaking his head. The caller had been the friend of a pregnant South Carolina girl. The friend had seen the publicity about the clinic and hoped the people there could supply some information about abortions.

The girl had wanted an abortion when she first discovered she was pregnant, but didn't know where to go. Now she is 16 weeks pregnant and unable to obtain an abortion nearby. Her only alternative, according to Ron, is to go for a three-day New York hospital stay and a risky salinization treatment at a medical expense of $350-$400. "She just sat around and hoped it would go away. She just blocked it out of her mind. It's much more traumatic than having a place closer to home with the proper advice and treatment," he said.

When the South Carolina Supreme Court last week struck down a portion of the state's law that makes abortion or attempted abortion not resulting in death criminal, it gave the legal go-ahead nod to the opening of a Columbia abortion clinic that had once planned to open in June, but which had been held up because of legal complications. The high court reversed the controversial conviction of Florence physician Dr. Kenneth G. Lawrence who had been found guilty in October 1972 in a Florence County Court of performing an abortion on a 33-year-old woman less than three months pregnant.

The administrators of the clinic, Ms. Linda Drilling and Ron Wimbush, came to South Carolina from New York several months ago and began planning their operations here. Both were employed at the first abortion clinic to open in New York after abortions were legalized there four years ago. For part of that time they operated their own clinic in New York and, through contacts developed in South Carolina, handled the appointments of 50 South Carolina women (out of a total of 200 appointments) each week. They have also worked with groups in Ohio, Florida, and South Carolina to help liberalize abortion laws in those states. Last year, they attended a conference of obstetricians and gynecologists meeting in South Carolina and became distressed at the lack of abortion counseling available in South Carolina.

Both Ms. Drilling and Wimbush appear to be quite concerned with the problems of women in desire of abortions. "We picked South Carolina because it is an area where a clinic is desperately needed," said Ms. Drilling. Ron interjected at this point, "It is a bad experience for a girl from a small town to have to go to New York. Columbia frightens some of these girls, so you know what New York will do. There is a need for clinics in localities in case of complications. It's just too difficult to communicate with her family doctor back at home." Ms. Drilling adds, "Not only is an abortion clinic needed, but counseling is probably needed even more. Plus we were tired of the City, and the rat-race. So we have become entrenched in South Carolina."

Ms. Drilling has expressed a desire to have the clinic grow into a complete family-planning center, doing more than just performing abortions. "We hope to provide general counsel to pregnant women, to offer birth control advice and instruction, to help women find financial support from charitable organizations and from welfare departments."

There are other reasons for moving South. When the U. S. Supreme Court ruled in January that a similar state law in Texas was in violation of the 14th amendment, abortion laws all over the counrty were thrown into confusion. As abortion became legal in most states, the flow of women seeking abortions in New York has been cut drastically, according to Ms. Drilling. "Of the 22 clinics once operating in the city, many are closing because they just can't meet the overhead costs any longer." She explained that "right now for an abortion the girl must be 21 years of age, or if under 21 she must have the consent of her parents. If married, she must have the consent of her husband. We're hoping they will relax those restrictions. For a 20-year-old girl to have to go to Mommy and Daddy..."

Ms. Drilling said that despite the present confusion concerning South Carolina abortion laws, her clinic will adhere to the strictest parts of the code until clarification can be handled by the General Assembly. They are assuming that the legislature will prohibit abortions in clincs for women past the first 12 weeks of pregnancy because of the dangers involved. Prior to 1967, all abortions in South Carolina were illegal except when the mother's life would be endangered by delivery. In that year, the law was changed to permit abortions when the physical or *mental* health of the mother was endangered, when the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest, or when the fetus was determined to be abnormal. The loophole of endangered mental health provided the rationalization for many an abortion approved by sympathetic physicians.

There are other confusing aspects of South Carolina's abortion laws since the present legislation was struck down. Because of the comprehensive nature of the law which was overruled, there previously was no need, for example, for laws preventing abortions on demand to be performed anytime in a nine-month pregnancy period. Assistant State Attorney General Dudley Saleeby said last Friday that such abortions can be done "with no reprisals." It is even unclear whether the state has any jurisdiction governing who can perform abortions.

Both of the administrators of the clinic are aware of the general conservatism of the state, and even the particular area of the state they have chosen, and they say they have tried hard to maintain an image of integrity, responsibility, and professionalism. Their attorney is highly-respected black lawyer James L. Felder. They have spent much of their time here meeting with county health department officials and Planned Parenthood Groups. The State Board of Health has given its tacit approval to a 75-page prospectus submitted by the clinic on its operations. They have been in close communication with the 75-member Clergy Consultation Service which specializes in counseling on problem pregnancies. Yet maintaining that image hasn't been easy. "Even among some professional members of a conservative community, there is a stigma attached to the word 'clinic,' " Wimbush said. "We haven't heard much opposition to what we're doing, but we have actually just been ignored by a lot of the community," Ms. Drilling said.

The exposure they received in a *Charlotte Observer* article made them a little angry. The first several hundred issues of the South Carolina edition to come off the press (and to be distributed in Columbia) had the story under the "New Abortion Clinic" headline mixed up with a story on funds for a medical school in South Carolina. The stories ran under each other's headlines. To make matters worse, the feature photo (in the lack of a hard news photo for the early edition) which ran under the story, was of a graveyard. "That graveyard really infuriated us. But then they ran a picture of Governor West in the middle of our story with the quote under it, 'I think it's got to come.' So it evened out." (West's photo and quotehad been meant to run with the story on the medical school.)

Abortion has not traditionally been a much-discussed subject in polite society, though plenty of seemingly polite enough women have borne the small-town stigma of having disappeared for a few weeks to "visit an aunt in New York." The concept that the Southern Women's Services says it wants to bring to South Carolina is one of honesty and acceptance. The clinic, located at 1614 Two Notch Road, is more like a dentist's office than a hospital, but without the solemnity of the former. "We wanted to maintain a cheerful, non-hospital type of atmosphere," Ms. Drilling said.

After a telephone appointment is made, a girl or woman wishing an abortion comes to the clinic. After medical records are filled out and a lab test conducted, she, along with four other girls, is ushered into a small consultation room, painted in bright colors and with colorful chairs. Here a trained counselor discusses for 20 minutes the reasons for abortions, and tries to banish the guilt feelings of the girl and remove the stigma from the abortion. The counselors are trained by experience, according to Ms. Drilling. "We're not looking for degrees, but for compassion. If we find a girl staring at the floor during the briefing, or reacting too strongly, we consider the possibility of coercion. Coercion could do very heavy mental damage to a girl. We won't let this happen."

The women are shown visual aids, still photos, and plastic molds to help describe the process of the abortion, which is done by the vacuum aspirator method and takes about five to ten minutes. They are encouraged to handle instruments similar to those that will be used in the operation. They are then moved to another small dressing room, where they change to clinic clothes and are given tranquilizers. More sedation is given if the doctor decides it is necessary.

During the abortion, which is performed by a licensed obstetrician, a nurse is present to hold the woman's hand, to talk to her, to take her mind off the operation. The procedure rooms are equipped with emergency equipment. If a woman is prone to menstrual cramping, then she will experience more pain than a woman who is not, according to Ms. Drilling. Though there is discomfort throughout the operation, Ms. Drilling said there is usually two minutes of actual sharp pain, and the women are warned about it.

After the abortion, the woman is taken from the procedure room (the clinic has two) and moved to the recovery room. She will remain there for an hour or so, then move back to the waiting room where she can talk with other patients. She must remain at the clinic for several hours after the abortion in case of complications. While in the recovery room, the women are counseled on birth control and given birth control literature. "We don't want abortions to become a form of contraception. I have been amazed at the ignorance many girls have about their bodies and about their pregnancies," Ms. Drilling said.

The administrators stress their desire to keep the atmosphere one of soothing understanding, from the bright colors, to the cheerful decorations and the flowered sheets on the recovery beds.

The administrators of the program emphasize that their's is a service needed in South Carolina and not just a profit-making venture. "When New York first started, they were making a damned fortune, but those days are gone." The Southern Women's Services will charge $190 for an abortion, compared to $150 in New York. At first the clinic will operate only on Saturdays, but will expand to the rest of the week as its services are required. They plan to restrict the traffic to 20 girls each day. "We're not going to be an abortion mill. If you do that, you lose the individual treatment, and the girls themselves are lost."

Ms. Drilling and Wimbush started the clinic with an investment of over $20,000, part of which came from Ms. Drilling's father. She estimates that 89 percent of each fee will be absorbed by costs and overhead. She hopes to include in her future plans counseling services for mothers who are keeping their babies, referral services for adoption agencies, and other aspects of problem pregnancies.

It was time to go, and Ms. Drilling pushed back her chair,glanced at her watch with the magnifying glass crystal and sighed. She worries sometimes about the need for a "legitimate image" and she commented on a topic she had mentioned earlier.

"There have been times when we've cried through this(the trouble of getting started) and there have been times when we laughed through it. But we've decided to stay and just push back this conservatism of Columbia. When the physicians come here and look at us, they'll have to go along with us."

the arts

Bringing the 20th century South

"...That was the kind of reading I did. I mean, I didn't get around to Dostoevsky until after I got my Ph.D...."

by Gary Ligi

I first met Mark Steadman when I was a freshman at Clemson. He was the faculty advisor for the *Chronicle*, the university's variety magazine, which had its offices—a kind of cave, damp, cluttered, and cramped—in the basement of the old Geology building. One light cord had a well-mashed and dried-up cat that someone had found long ago on a highway somewhere hanging from it. I would pull on the cat's stiff, thin tail, and the light would either go on or off; that seemed miraculously grotesque to me. Strewn everywhere were old copies of *The Texas Ranger* and *The Harvard Lampoon*, black and white phots with obscene cutlines, piles of paper, manuscripts, and a lot of other interesting and worthless junk.

Though I was majoring in electrical engineering, I had already become fascinated with writing and writers and had managed a job on the *Chronicle* staff as an assistant copy editor. I would have done almost anything to be around people who were writing—it made no difference how good or bad the work. My own work was atrocious, though at the time, I swore it was the work of genius and would have fought to the death to defend it. In other words, I was a kind of office-groupie—perhaps "typing-roadie" is a more accurate term.

The staff would meet once a week to curse each other out for not abiding by the deadlines. Dr. Steadman would sit on one side of the room, quietly puffing on his pipe, smiling, and talking with whoever wanted to talk. Usually he just listened to the highly irrational conversation that whirled around that office, occasionally breaking into a slightly nervous laugh that seemed to say: "You're really a bunch of crazies, boys and girls—an entertaining bunch of crazies." In his advisory role, he appeared to have one suggestion to cover all possible situations. The most frequently asked question was: "Do you think we can get away with this?" The answer was usually this: "You'll never know until you try it."

If Dr. Steadman was well-liked by the average student at Clemson (he still is), he was virtually idolized by older members of the *Chronicle* staff. They spoke reverently of his skill in carpentry and viewed him to be a South-Carolinian version of William Morris: a writer, a teacher, a good human being, and he worked with his hands. He enjoyed building his own furniture, made chess sets, cast and painted whole armies of lead soldiers for his sons. I had often heard it said: "If only *my* father had been like him." Later, when my wife gave him a pair of rabbits, I was to see him take more care in the construction of a hutch than most people take in building a barn. Before I ever met him, I had been told: "He can do anything, man, *anything*."

My earliest recollections, then of Mark Steadman are clouded somewhat by a youthful hero-worship of sorts, and also by the way his personal appearance impressed itself upon me. He was a soft-spoken, amiable, and stylishly groomed gentleman in his mid-thirties who somehow got along with a depraved collection of adirectional, insanely intense and romantic slovens. He so closely resembled "the man who reads *Esquire* or *Playboy*" that I was totally amazed at the incongruity between the man and the work when I came to read a number of his manuscripts later on. As my mother was to write after reading *McAfee County*—Mark's first novel—"To look at him, I never would have thought he could write anything like this."

It wasn't until I returned to Clemson after having dropped out that I began to know Dr. Steadman. I stopped by his house one day and suddenly he was Mark and a friend. I became a fairly irregular, though usually welcome, vistor in the years that followed. I was a pretty mixed-up, suicidal, and drunken young man, and Mark's house offered a stability and security that I was much in need of. He seemed to care about me, about what I was doing. I would show him my work—which was still miserably bad, and it was in late 1967 that I began to read a lot of his. The work revealed to me that the interior Steadman and I (I hadn't yet learned to separate my public and private selves and perhaps I still haven't) had much in common.

As our relationship developed, I was to learn that most of my early impressions of Mark Steadman had neglected the fact that he was, above all else, another human being—subject to all the joys, pains, and sorrows any other human experiences. After becoming acquainted with his work, I was not surprised to learn that his family life was not all that it had first appeared. There was as much a gap between Mark and his children as there had been between my father and his. Families are families, and children invariably are dissatisfied with their parents. Every child has an alternate father or mother in mind—that is the way of the world.

When I finally reentered school in 1968, Mark was teaching a course entitled "The Contemporary American Novel" which I took. It was there I first came across such writers as Dostoevsky, Camus, Proust, Celline, and others as equally not "contemporary Americans." Dr. Steadman explained to the class that he had found these writers to be well worth reading and probably more so than certain Americans originally listed under the course title. No one in the class seemed to mind the substitutions, and many students came away with the realization that English wasn't the only language in which writers were trying to work out answers for the really important questions of our existence: i.e., *what are we here for?—What are we doing?—and why are we doing these things?*

At any rate, Mark had mentioned during one meeting of the class that "If a writer doesn't publish his first novel by the time he's forty, he might as well forget it." I recalled this statement when I decided to do the interview for *Osceola*, and I resolved to find out what he thought about it now.

I had made arrangements to meet with Mark in the afternoon. In the meantime, something else had come up, and Mark was helping a friend prepare to move from Anderson to somewhere in Tennessee. Therefore, he wasn't there when John Norton and I showed up. Jo Steadman, Mark's wife, greeted us and invited us in. She was getting ready to leave for work.

The Steadmans—Mark, Jo, and two of their sons: Todd and Wade (a third son, Clay, had recently left for Oregon where he planned to work)—are now living in a large, modern home about eight miles out of Clemson toward Central. The house is still not quite finished, although construction on it began well over two years ago. It's an aesthetically pleasing building with exposed wood-beam ceilings, set off the well-traveled paths. It's a comfortable home.

Mark arrived about fifteen minutes later wearing a tee-shirt and jeans. He didn't look a day older than when I had seen him last. He is still boyishly thin, with neatly-trimmed grey hair and sparkling eyes. He still speaks in the same quiet voice and laughs the same slightly nervous laugh. We had a couple of beers and talked for a while. Finally, I brought up the "might as well forget it" comment, to which Mark replied, "You know—I've said a lot of things I would like to retract. We all do." Then he added with an ironic twist: "And anyway, I sold *McAfee County* when I was *only* thirty-nine." "But," I said, "it wasn't published until after you were forty."

He brought up the fact that Robert Frost once said in the preface to some anthology "that if a poet hadn't gotten started by the time he was twenty, there wasn't any use in his starting at all. He didn't say he had to publish though. Just that he had started." I conceded defeat.

Mark had written his first novel at 24. "It was a road novel. I never really finished it. I got about halfway through, and it had a good story line, but somehow I had gotten tired of it then. Maybe I'll go back to it someday." He began work on his second novel when he was 27 or 28, but it wasn't until after he managed a leave of absence from Clemson and traveled to Egypt with this family that things began to fall into place for him. That was during 1969-1970, and Mark was teaching at American University at Cairo. While there he bagn writing stories about the American South—particularly about the coastal regions of Georgia. The result is *McAfee County* not especially the kind of novel that one would expect as a first book from a "southern" writer.

But then again, Mark Steadman isn't really the typical southern writer. He draws from much the same well as the rest of the "down-home boys," but the attitude that pervades the work is more akin to the black-humorists and absurdists. *McAfee County* can almost be read as a grim humorist's look at the usual tricks in a southern writer's bag. The stereo-typed stock and trade of several authors appear in *McAfee County*: albinos, halfwits, the rural setting, etc. There is even a scene which calls up Dickey's "The Shark Parlor."

I asked Mark, in particular, about the shark story in his book and if he had Dickey's poem in mind when he began writing it. "I wouldn't say that I had it in mind before I started writing it," he said, "but in the process of writing the story it started creeping in from time to time." I have the suspicion that this is what happened throughout his creation of *McAfee County*. Mark had always stricken me as one of the most atypical Southern writers I had ever met. While everyone else was discussing local colorists, he was talking about writers I have come to view as cosmopolitans and internationists.

I once heard a scholar from the University of Tennessee give a speech in which he contended that William Faulkner and Carson McCullers (or maybe it was Flannary O'Connor, I forget) were the only important writers--anywhere. He wasn't a very intelligent man. He attacked Joyce, Proust, Flaubert, etc. and defended his assertions by arguing that

what made Faulkner and McCullers so perfectly worthwhile was that they only had one story to tell and they told it over and over again. That doesn't strike me as too all-important. It didn't sound like much then. It might have had a lot to do with my growing more bored with the whole idea of a southern literature that with some of the other "movements." I just grew sick with reading stories of young boys becoming good, violent men; of mulattos and other assorted half--breeds causing trouble; of young boys struggling out from under the weight of their Baptist-preaching fathers (I had grown up a Catholic, remember); of farm-machinery ripping arms, legs, and other important pieces off the bodies of "noble" men; of young boys falling in love at the moveis, at the fair, at school, in the barn loft; of misfits, hunchbacks, cripples, and other various grotesques; of deaf people, blind people, and regular old dumb people. And all of this written as if it contained the "light and the way" for the world, especially as the world had grown (like it or not) increasingly more urban.

I grew tired of reading southern writers praising one another in reviews and condemning the whole wide world beyond for not "understanding" what it's like to be a southerner. What about being a human? I grew equally tired of reading the same dull names under the blurbs on the dust-jackets of new books. I grew tired of thinking about how much of the stuff was just a waste of trees.

And that's what turned me on about *McAfee County*. I read it along with five or six other novels that came out around the same time. It's been the least successful to date. Most of the others have gone into paperback editions, were offered by book clubs, etc. But *McAfee County* didn't quite make it. It received a lot of good reviews, most of them from outside the usual market-place for southern wares. Why? I would contend the reason is *McAfee County* is just a bit too modern. It's an important first book: it brings a piece of the twentieth century down south.

Everything I have come to associate with the "anti-Eastern-intellectual-establishment" school surfaces in *McAfee County* but the tone of approach is so strikingly different from what is usually employed in dealing with the materials that I was forced to go back again and again to revel in the wry observations that make the book a kind of first-shot *tour-de-force*.

It is no wonder that in reading *McAfee County*, I felt the book had more in common with Barth, Pynchon, Vonnegut, and Heller than it does with Faulkner and his disciples (Don't misunderstand. Faulkner is a great writer, not the greatest, but still great. Unfortunately, many of those who claim allegiance to him or trace their artistic origins back to him are not very good at all). Steadman readily admits that "I started by writing humor. The people I read in high school--my first love, first loves--well, the first one was Twain. I read a whole bunch by people like Thurber, Lardner, and Anderson. That was the kind of reading I did. I mean, I didn't even get around to Dostoevesky until after I got my Ph.D. Even the idea of a chronicle story probably came from *Winesburg, Ohio.*"

The chronicle structure of *McAfee County* functions to give the reader a sense of perspective from which to view the main event of the story, the castration of John Henry Greene--the black hero of the novel. The disaster with which John Henry meets and the events immediately surrounding it (including the "tragedy" of John Fletcher-a kind of complimentary/counterpoint white character)--occur within an extremely brief period in the mid-fifties. The entire book however, covers a period from 1934 to 1963. In other words, we see McAfee County as it was before, during, and since the focalized events. A heightening of the effectiveness of the technique is subtly enhanced by a flipping back in forth in time from one story to the next.

McAfee County, above all, is a novel which fuses scenes of sheer horror with others of pure comedy, i.e., "Daddy's Girl" versus "Lee Jay's Chinese-box Mystery." I believe the book is a success. And though I was initially disappointed with the first and last chapters (set in the sixties) of the book, I think I have now come to understand their purpose in the conception of the work.

I asked Mark what the over-all reaction to *McAfee County* had been thus far, and he said: "Really it's been pretty good. I haven't gotten any hate mail. Well, I got one letter from a woman in Decatur, Ga., who despised the book. It was strange that the only one came from my home town. But then I got a letter from an old lady in Northern Florida who said 'That's just the way it is.'"

McAfee County is an odd first book for a number of reasons. It is not written in the first person, and does not deal primarily with a tale of initiation as do so many first works. It also possesses a structural quality which attempts to fuse the techniques of both the short story and the novel. The main difference, as Mark sees it, between *McAfee County* and the second book lies in the fact that the second book is "closer to a novel. *I* think, don't get me wrong, that *McAfee County* is a novel, but in that book each of the stories could stand by itself. That is not the case with the second book."

The second novel, which is supposed to be completed in December, is set in Savannah ("It's not rural, rather urban.") in the late forties and early fifties. As the author sees it, the novel will be structured in three or four books. "The first part of the novel is constructed with a number of chapters which are given over to individual characters. It takes place between the death and the funeral of my main character. He does not appear until about 200 manuscript pages are through."

Mark draws heavily from his own past in his books, but (at least in *McAfee County* this is true) he does not become a character in his work. Instead, he exercises his keen sense of observation and a wonderful imagination to create characters from people he has met. The major characters in the second novel are all based on past acquaintances.

The manin character of the novel "is an Irishman. He was a high school football player, and really a pretty good one. He got scholarship offers from all over the place. He went to Tech and flunked out. But he made the first team. Then he went to the University of Miami and flunked out. I sort of lost track of him. But I found out he got married--to a Protestant girl. They got divorced.

"It was all downhill from there. He wrestled professionally, got a job with the fire department. And one day he dropped dead. He's my major character."

The counterpoint character in the book is an epileptic. "He worked on a survey party that went down to what became 'McAfee County.' I'm putting them side by side. He was a rodman on the survey party. They're the ones who cut the brush so the lines can be run. Well, he had about a grand mal seizure every week, and when he had one it would knock him out for four days. He would learn just enough before he had a seizure to be able to learn it all again. But never enough to really retain it.

"He used to shoot frogs with a slingshot and sell the legs. Well, they found him floating in a canal. Dead. I guess he had a seizure and just fell in."

Mark was beginning to have a bit of difficulty talking about the novel, probably because he hasn't finished writing it yet. You can talk a novel out. It is possible to say so much about a piece you are working on that it's impossible to finish it. It's happened to me a number of times. I mentioned this to him, and he more or less agreed--but he did go on to talk in vague, unspecific terms for a few more minutes about what he's been trying to do. "I guess the idea is-I have this one character, who has a lot of potential and blows it--and then I have the other guy who has none--and blows it." That's pretty much a 20th century view, it seems to me.

We talked for awhile about style (actually this was a discussion between Gene Troutman, last year's editor of the *Chronicle*, and Mark) and the different theories behind the novel. For Mark, "you need a lot of action and a simple idea for a novel. If it gets too complicated--I think you ought to enrich it as much as you like--but if you try to conceive of it with all idea, it just doesn't work. I think you have to give a reader his money's worth, something to keep him turning the pages."

Finally, the talk got around to other matters: friends, places, things. It was beginning to get late. I had a dinner date, and my wife was waiting no-so-patiently for my return. I'd had a bit more than enough beer. It was time to go. There was an article to write, and Mark had a world to finish building. I staggered to the car, recalling the lines which began the liner notes for *McAfee County*.

I waved my goodbye and headed where I had to go. These were the lines I had remembered:

McAfee County, Georgia, isn't real.
It's not there.
And none of these events recorded in this chronicle really
happened.
That's not the way it ought to be.
But that's the way it is.

And the last sentence in that book is: "I thought you ought to know." I thought you ought to know.

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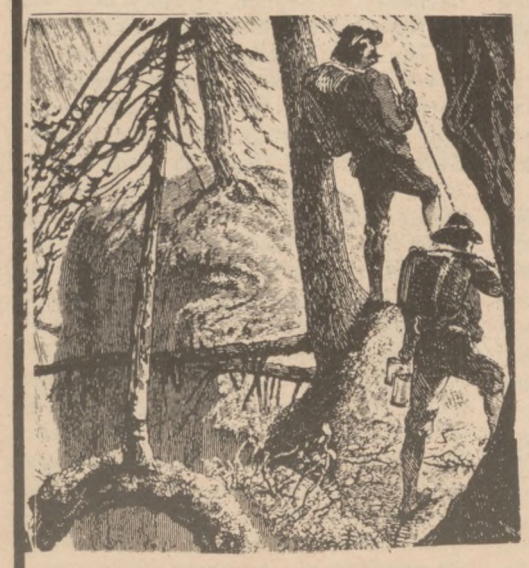

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Cinema/"Blume In Love"

B & C & T & A II

"...The bulk concerns Stephen's realization that his love for Nina remains undimished and his efforts to get her back..."

by Jerri McAninch

In *Blume In Love*, currently showing at the Fox Theatre, writer-director Paul Mazursky (who previously made *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*) is again dealing with the problems which America ns in general (and Southern Californians in particular) find in adapting to the increased sexual liberality of contemporary lifestyles. This film also purports to deal with the problems caused by the redefinition of the woman's role in "society", but that is a theme more predominate in the advertising than in the film.

Nina (Susan Anspach) is caught between her affluent, divorce lawyer, would-be liberal, rather square husband, Stephen Blume (George Segal) and an easy-going hippie musician (Kris Kristofferson). Nina has apparently left Blume because of his sexual infidelity but the viewer questions whether this is indeed the only cause. Stephen himself cannot seem to comprehend that their marriage was not exactly idyllic before his momentary (but often desired) indiscretion. However, it becomes increasingly obvious that the decay of the marriage was probably a gradual, steady process.

From Venice, where he hopefully awaits for news of a possible reconciliation, Stephen narrates the story of his relationships with his ex-wife from its inception to the present in a series of flashbacks. The editing is deft and precise. The viewer is often shown a short sequence or a single shot which adequately illustrates the narrator's point. For example, in describing his continued desire for his ex-wife which renders his mistress inadequate to satisfy his sexual appetite, he says, "I still saw Arleen, but it was not the same." Meanwhile we are shown a single shot -- a closeup of four feet handing over the foot of a bed in a listless and motionless sexual posture.

The rapid one-liners, sometimes clever and sometimes rather forced, are aptly described by Stephen's own line to Nina, "You're very attractive and I'm trying desperately to be witty." "You're failing," she cooly replies.

The bulk of the film concerns Stephen's realization that his love for Nina remains undiminished and his carefully contrived efforts to get her back. These efforts are somewhat muddied by his further realization that he also likes Elmo, her hippie musician friend. And his task begins to look virtually impossible as Nina herself seems to have nothing now but loathing for Blume coupled with a growing affection for Elmo.

Her loathing is never satisfactorily explained. We never really know if it is caused by her pride, hurt by Stephen's inept infidelity, or by her gradual hostility to a phony and meaningless lifestyle which is accepted by and perhaps embodied for Nina in Stephen.

Throughout the film in fact, it is Nina who feels there must be something more to life. However, the film is Stephen's story, not Nina's. Stephen is rarely out of the picture. We see and hear what he hears (except for occasional scenes such as Nina and Elmo meeting for the first time at the welfare office or Nina in bed talking to her unborn child -- a one-liner intended, apparently, to placate the women's movement). The interpretation of events is therefore clearly Stephen's . Perhaps it is because Stephen never really understands Nina's motives that they are never really explained to us.

Elmo, too, is less transparent than Stephen for precisely the same reason, but his role is clearing more of a character one: "Hippie/musician - free and open." Therefore, we can guess his motivations a bit more easily than we can Nina's.

The differences between Elmo and Nina are clearly illustrated by their contrasting reactions to a similar situation. When Elmo returns from a film to discover Nina and Stephen apparently making love (actually, he's raping her) he casually remarks "Ya'll sure missed a good movie." This contrasts with Nina's discovery of Stephen and his secretary in a similar situation -- her reaction is to obtain an immediate divorce. One understands and even expects Elmo's reaction but Nina's uncompromising bitterness remains rather baffling.

George Segal as Stephen has a very mobile face. He is convincingly naive and his selfish, arm-chair liberalism comes across quite effectively. He is really only interested in his own happiness but he is nonetheless a likeable and sympathetic character.

Susan Anspach, like Segal, has an effective facial range -- and uses it to advantage. Often no words are needed to describe rather complex emotional interaction between the two of them.

Kristofferson is good, too, as the hippie. However, it is clear that the role was a strictly confined one, and his acting in the recent *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* was more impressive partly because he was playing someone other than himself. Shelly Winters plays an abandoned wife here and plays her part well.

As in *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* Mazursky displays his fascination for the bizarre sexual practices of Southern California. There is, for example, the young party-girl who thinks all problems will be solved (including the Vietnam War) as soon as everyone starts swinging. The shallowness of human relationships is suggested too by Arleen's (Marsha Mason) reaction to seeing her husband with another woman. "I squeezed my fork so hard it made a welt in my flesh," she says. One cannot be too impressed by this kind of devotion.

Although the film uses great deal of music -- both rock and classical - it is unobtrusively introduced and one hardly realizes how much there has been until the credits appear. The rock music is used as a means of unifying Nina and Elmo. It is integral to his lifestyle and her growing interest in music suggests her developing identification with his lifestyle. It is further used to suggest the reintegration of Stephen into her life as he attempts to join in their singing eventually even assuming his own minor role in the trio. Wagner's "Love-Death" provides the background for the film's climatic scene but it , too, is introduced realistically. It is played in an outdoor performance by a Venetian Orchestra as Stephen, his story told, waits for Nina to decide whether or not to reunite.

The film is replete with clever little in-jokes for the film and literary crowd but their meaning is sometimes obscured by their hazy conception. Anyone who has read Thomas Mann's *Death In Venice* or seen Luchino Viscounti's film version of it will recognize at once the continuing story of the older man and the handsome blonde boy. Dressed always in Viscounti's black and white, they never speak and are only seen in brief glances.

Stephen Blume is also very like one of filmaker Eric Rohmer's heroes *(Claire's Knee, My Night at Mauds, Chloe in the Afternoon)* who, when he succumbs to temptation and takes action regarding his sexual fantasies (as Rohmer's men never do) he finds that his fears of doing so were well-founded and that his life does indeed disentegrate just as he feared it might.

Indeed , one wonders if Mazursky has not studied one or more of Rohmer's six films concerning men who invariably do not act on their sexual fantasies and wondered to himself, "but what if once, that fellow did make love to the other woman?" If so, *Blume In Love* could well be the result.

Theatre/Workshop Program III

Anyone can go mad

'...Each play penetratingly explores the horrors of life, desperately teaching us that surprises do exist...'

by Mike Smith

"What I find most astonishing—aside from that belief of mine, which never ceases to surprise me by the very fact of its surprising lack of unpleasantness, the belief that I might very easily—as they say—lose my mind some day, not that I suspect I am about to, or am even...nearby...

...for I'm not that sort; merely that it is not beyond...happening: some gentle loosening of the moorings sending the balloon adrift...the...becoming a stranger in...the world..."

Agnes' opening line in Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance* capably explains the fears certain characters encounter during Workshop Theatre's One Acts II—an evening of struggles in the "modern world", which play again starting July 27.

"A Day for Surprises" is the title of the opening play, and it sheds some light on what is to come, for each play features at least one character who receives the surprise of his life.

John Guare's comic play studies the effects of one Miss Pringle's death upon the man who has loved her. When the marble lion who has guarded the secrecy and sanctity of their love for years comes to life and gobbles up Miss Pringle—leaving only a blue-sequined slipper undevoured—the closet lover breaks the silence of the bookshelves to curse an irrational world.

Slowly, tenderly, he "confesses" his love for Miss Pringle to another woman librarian who brazenly taunts and teases him, knowing her competition has been eliminated. As the man concludes his admission of love, the lion—as stolidly as before—becomes the marble guardian of the library.

The breakdown this triggers reveals a pure and honest love between the two librarians built on respect for each other's devotion to the life-work—books. When this confusion comes to Dewey Decimal world, the man can no longer closet his love, he must give Miss Pringle some meaning by admitting all.

Peter Syrett physically controls himself to present a well-drawn Clark Kent type who would like to become Superman so that he might control the irrationalities of this surprising day. Syrett handles his role carefully, balancing well the comic with the tragic. Kay McKenzie plays the other woman as a vamp bored by his tale of love and books.

Director Jim Thigpen has handled the physical pacing of this play well, but he has not controlled the telling pauses and pregnant silences of the monologue for a meaningful and total effectiveness. Though technically proficient, the production seems much too hollow.

Marion Cheever's surprising day becomes a nightmare of depersonalization when he finds himself the victim of a vampiric, anti-personal institution—the Selective Service System—in Terence McNally's "Next." Marion is no longer between the ages of 18 and 26. He is beyond the beck and call of our nation. This is all a foolish mistake, he probably felt when he first opened the letter inviting him to a physical exam.

So, Marion has come to inform the government of its clerical mistake. Instead of solving his problem, he confronts the automatonic WAC, Sergeant Theck. "Take off your clothes"—her first order to him—causes Marion to shrink in horror, but mostly because his chauvinism will not permit him to disrobe before this cold, impersonal woman. As Sgt. Theck barks more and more orders, Marion becomes further unnerved until he realizes—much to his surprise—that a mistake has led him to a face-to-face confrontation with Big Brother—the unerring machine, the perfectly-poised examiner, the drab American flag.

Steve Borner and Meredith Pogue in a scene from Workshop's "Birdbath"

"Next" is an intelligent and frightening play which violently explores the expanse of the bureaucracy. The totality of McNally's vision shoots shivers up the spine as the very-American draft board interview becomes tortures and desensitivity practiced with the precision and dexterity of Nazi perfectionists.

Thigpen has done an excellent job in controlling and narrowing the action of the play. This, in turn, enhances the aura of horror and fear as Marion fights to free, and ultimately, to justify himself. Amanda Graham plays Sgt. Theck with a cool, threatening poise, tacitly suggesting the unthinking robot which lies beneath the surface.

Don Steele as Marion Cheever does a masterful job as he moves from comic forgiveness for the "mistake" to outright horror of its implications. His performance is raw and ugly, unpleasant to watch, yet, Steele always remains totally convincing as Marion must fight harder and harder to retain his personality and feelings.

Settling down in his new apartment, Claude finds, too, too many surprises for his particular passive tastes. Edith Friedlander—the "dingbat" young woman from across the hall—wants his rope or, rather, twine so that she may hang herself. Not only that, but she makes such knowing remarks about his leg.

Elaine May's outrageous "Not Enough Rope" deals with the outlandish confrontation between three people: the mannikin Claude, the suicidal Edith and the dying Mrs. Pierce. Edith does not have the means for committing suicide. When Claude gives up his twine, she discovers that he has not given her enough rope to finish the job. Teetering in a kitchen chair—affixed to the tightening twine—Edith screams for some assistance.

May has created a comic, yet awesome world of paranoia and hate whose inhabitants cannot even commit the personal act of suicide properly. For that matter, an old woman can simply wheel herself down the hall and die, and a young man can live in such paranoid self-delusions that he will coldly assist a would-be suicide. She has laced her play with some fine comic situations which add believability and relief to a satiric work.

Sally Thigpen plays Edith with great determination and zeal. Caught in her unusual position, Thigpen manages to scare hell out of the audience while keeping everyone laughing. John Todd adds mystery to the wacko world of this apartment house as the paranoid Claude—a vacuum-faced young man—who recoils with disgust at Edith. Todd adds some absurdly humorous touches to the total production as well as sustaining a flippant air of unconcern for Edith's plight. Paula Kahn plays Mrs. Pierce as a woman cheated somehow by life and the young people who surround her.

Director Ann Dreher Brailsford has deftly managed the comedy and the absurdity of the play, as well as the action. Wisely, she stages the work as a confrontation between Edith's psycho-motor activity and Claude's vapid existence, capturing the play's humor as well as its horror.

Leonard Melfi's "Birdbath" offers quieter, more tender surprises in a fragile story of the chance meeting between Frankie Basta, a young poet struggling to keep alive, and Velma Sparrow, a young women totally repressed by society. Both work together in a restaurant, but, in most ways, they are poles apart.

Frankie is an educated young man with a vision of success and meaning for his life. This cashier's job is just a means to an end. For Velma, though, it is everything. Trapped by an uncaring mother and lack of education, Velma has become content with her small, hum-drum life and her insignificant role therein. When she asks Frankie to walk with her [illegible] late one night after closing she can hardly believe the surprising things which happen.

Mama told Velma that young men would try to get her into their apartments, but mama never told her about love or feelings or respect for individuals so Velma is totally surprised when she encounters these qualities in Frankie's meager home.

Melfi's play seems almost too fragile to be able to work, yet, director Brailsford creates a simplicity and intimacy on stage which breathes with real-life emotions. She has cleverly staged this confrontation—Velma's pauses of reluctance, Frankie's silences full of wonder at this strange creature.

Steve Bordner as Frankie and Meredith Pogue as Velma deliver incredibly fine performances. Bordner moves from jaunty boasting young poet to tender friend and gentle lover as Velma reveals herself to him. As Velma emerges, Pogue does too—adding layer upon layer of believability and beauty to her fragile character. Together, these young actors and their director offer beautiful respite from the horrors presented in the other works. "Birdbath" serves up the evening's finest moments.

Unfortunately, the evening does not end there. Instead, director Jim Thigpen offers a third play—Isreal Horowitz' "The Indian Wants The Bronx."

Gupta, an East Indian, stands patiently at a bus-stop near a telephone booth. Joey and Murph—two street punks—appear cursing the mysterious Pussyface—the well-meaning social worker who has given these young thugs knives as a present to show that she can trust them. They hate Pussyface, but she is not home, so their taunts go unheeded and unheard. In fact, no one can hear them but Gupta; yet, he cannot understand—he does not know a word of English.

Gradually, the two become entranced and then bothered by Gupta's presence. He does not respond to their cursing and insults as most people do. They terrorize him, but he still will not respond. Finally, Murph slashes Gupta's wrist and the two leave the Indian to die.

An excellent production of this play should have audiences rushing to the nearest exit in fear and loathing. No one left during the Workshop's production—a fact which serves as adequate comment on the success of this work.

Piara Singh as Gupta certainly offers some authenticity to the production, as the frightened Indian. He conveys great feelings through silence and his incomprehensible—to most of us—language. Hank Wilson and Charles Barber as Joey and Murph understand the "George and Lennie" aspects of their roles.

The play fails because of what is not done to create some sense out of this nonsense. Thigpen has failed to capture the primitive rhythms needed to give Joey and Murph's actions some meaning. Instead, they merely shock—producing, at best, a disjointed effect from the totality of the play.

One Acts II offers some stronger plays than its immediate predecessor. Instead of pure entertainment, the audience receives some jolting moments of truth and horror. The evening will probably offend play-goers who like fluffier moments on stage—musicals, domestic comedies, and the like.

Taken together, these five plays scare an audience. Each play penetratingly explores the horrors of life, desperately teaching us that surprises do exist in this existence of ours and that on any afternoon—like Agnes—anyone of us may go mad.

EVENTS & entertainments

July 25-31

Theatre

WORKSHOP THEATRE, Program III of the summer season, will run again July 27-31 at the Workshop Theatre on Bull Street in Columbia. Tickets are $2 and the plays start at 8 p.m. The box office at the Theatre is open from noon to curtain. For a review of the plays, see page 15 of this issue.

FLAT ROCK PLAYHOUSE, between Greenville and Asheville on U. S. Highway 25, presents "Look Homeward Angel." The play will appear Tuesday-Saturday at 8:30 p.m. with matinee performances on Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 p.m. Tickets are $4 and $3.50 with children admitted for $1.50 at the matinees only.

USC SUMMER THEATRE presents Jerome Kern's "Show Boat" this summer at the Myrtle Beach Convention Center. The play will be presented Monday-Saturday June 23-August 11 at 8:30 p.m. expect July 26, 27 and 28. The Convention Center box office telephone is 448-3041 for reservations.

Concerts

BOBBY WOMACK appearing in the Charleston Municipal Auditorium on Sunday, July 29 at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are are on sale through the Auditorium box office for $6, $5, and $4. Also appearing on the show are the Invitations and the Diplomats. In Charleston, tickets are also available at Stitches 'N Britches, Grant City North, Harris Leggett Rexall Drugs, James Island Shopping Center, Jeans Unlimited in Mt. Pleasant and Summerville.

THE STYLISTICS, with Joe Simon and his band, will appear on Thursday, August 16 at the Charleston Municipal Audtorium. Tickets are on sale July 30 for $5. Mail check or money order to: Charleston Auditorium, Box office, C/O International Swingers, 77 Calhoun Street. Two shows at 8 and 11 p.m.

FRANKIE VALLI and the Four Seasons will appear in concert at the Charleston Municipal Auditorium on Friday, August 3 at 8:30 p.m. only. Tickets cost $6, $5, and $4.

HUMBLE PIE, along with Leslie West Wild West Show featuring Leslie West and Corky Laing, will appear in Charlotte Coliseum July 24 at 8 p.m. Tickets are $6, $5, and $4 and all seats are reserved.

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD will appear live in concert in Atlanta's Omni on August 9 at 8 p.m. Tickets for Funk are $4.50, $5.50, and $6.50 and are now on sale via the Omni box office and other Ticketron outlets throughout the Southeast. Funk will also appear in Greenville's Memorial Auditorium on Friday, August 10, at 8:30 p.m. Tickets are $6, $5, and $5 plus a 25-cent seat tax.

THREE DOG NIGHT, with T. Rex as special guest, will appear in Atlanta's Omni on Sunday, July 29 at 8 p.m. Tickets are now on sale for $4.50, $5.50, and $6.50 at the Omni box office. Good seats are still available. Since Three Dog Night cancelled their Columbia appearance, you might want to catch them in Atlanta.

ROGER McGUINN, who used to be with the Byrds, has scheduled a show for Wednesday, August 22 at the Municipal Auditorium in Atlanta. No ticket information is yet available on that one.

SHA-NA-NA, the veteran rock and roll band, will appear in Municipal Auditorium in Atlanta on Thursday, August 23. Wet Willie will also appear on the program.

CHEECH AND CHONG, a comedy team, will appear at the Symphony Hall in Atlanta on Friday, August 24. More information later.

BETTE MIDLER, it was announced last week, will make an appearance in Atlanta on October 24 at the Civic Center. Get your tickets early for that one.

STEVIE WONDER will make a South Carolina appearance on Sunday, August 5 at 8:30 p.m. at the Greenville Memorial Auditorium. Tickets are priced at $6, $5, and $4 with all seats reserved. Send check or money order payable to Memorial Auditorium with self-addressed stamped envelope to Memorial Auditorium, P. O. Box 10348, Greenville, S. C. Tickets are also on sale at the Auditorium and its outlets throughout Greenville.

Television

MONDAY, JULY 30

7 p.m. -- The Avengers. WNOK deserves a slap on the back for bringing back the best in adventure series. Diana Rigg at her best. (Channel 19)

9 p.m. -- Movie. "That's My Boy". (1951) Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, and Eddie Mayehoff. Thank God these two split up. If Columbia has to suffer through another Martin and Lewis slapstick piece of work there may be chaos, people jumping into the Congaree River like lemmings gone beserk, mad from watching Jerry Lewis (a pox on him) cross his eyes. Please, no more. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m. – Movie. "Young At Heart" (1954) Frank Sinatra, Doris Day, Ethel Barrymore. Good drama about a shiftless piano player and his young wife. If you don't have to be anywhere early Tuesday... (Channel 19)

TUESDAY, JULY 31

7 p.m. -- The Avengers (Channel 19).

8 p.m. -- Movie. "Smoky" (1966) Fess Parker, Diana Hyland. This is the third remake of the famous Will James sentimental story about Smoky. Good for the kids and may bring a schmaltzy tear or two to your eye. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m. -- Movie. "The Weekend Nun". Enough said. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. -- Movie. "The Woman Hunter" Barbara Eden and Robert Vaughn. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m. -- Movie. "Face of Fear" Ricardo Montalban (Channel 19)

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25

7 p.m.—WNOK continues to give us "The Avengers" each weeknight at this time spot. Tonight's episode is "They Keep Killing Steed." (Channel 19)

7:30 p.m.--National Geographic Special: "The Great Mojave Desert." (Channel 10)

7:30 p.m.--International Performance. "The Spellbound Child." An opera-ballet fantasy about a spoiled boy who is taunted, frightened and left spellbound by furniture, toys, and animals he mistreated after being punished. Robert Merrill hosts this French TV import with its colorful costumes and score by Ravel. (ETV, Channel 35)

8:30 p.m.--Movie. "The Letters" has a fine cast including Jane Powell, John Forsythe, and Lesley Warren in a trilogy of drama spliced by a single common factor: conclusions to each case hinge on information in letters delayed a year in delivery. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m.-Firing Line. Author Dr. Barry Commoner, head of the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems, tries to persuade Buckley that "there's no such thing as a free lunch." Buckley listens as well as usual. (ETV, Channel 35)

10 p.m.--ETV Music Special. The Walt Harper Sextet plays at Fallingwater, the house built by Frank Lloyd Wright over a waterfall at Bear Run, Pa. The group plays "Wade in the Water," "Here, There, and Everywhere," and "So Long, Frank Lloyd Wright." (ETV, Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.–Tonight Show. Jerry Lewis is subbing for Johnny Carso this week. Forewarned is forearmed, so hit the sack early. (Channel 10)

11:30 p.m.--Movie. "Cry of the Hunte r" Escaped convict trudges through swamp in routine tale of hunter vs. hunted. (Channel 19)

THURSDAY, JULY 26

7 a.m.–Today Show. The new fad with the teeny-boppers is booze-they've outgrown dope. The director of the National Institute on Alcoholism discusses how to deal with this problem. (Channell 0)

10 a.m.--Not For Women Only. Barbara Walters discusses muggers, mugging, and the mugged. Two of her guests are former muggers. (Channel 25)

7:30 p.m.--Turning Points. This week's feature is Vanishing Towns, a documentary produced by S.C. ETV network. It examines Ft. Motte, Ellenton, and Cokesbury, S.C.:the first is dying, the second dead, and the third being restored to new life through the efforts of historian and author Nell Graydon. (ETV, Channel 35)

8 p.m.–Helen Reddy Show. Gloria Steinem joins Helen for a fem lib-style take-off on the news. Also blues singer B.B. King and the New Seekers. (Channel 10)

9 p.m.--Palmetto Report. United Citizens Party chairman John Harper counters Republican and Democratic party views on issues in South Carolina politics. (ETV, Channel 35)

9 p.m.--Movie. "The Moon Is Blue." Otto Preminger directed this former Broadway hit about a naive young starlet caught in a compromising situation. Maggie McNamera won an Oscar nomination in her debut here. (Channel 19)

10 p.m.--Music Country. The Debut of this seven week series stars Johnny Cash, Anne Murray, Mac Davis, Loretta Lynn, Kris Kristofferson, Donna Fargo, Jerry Reed, Tom T. Hall, Charlie Rich, Ray Stevens, Jeannie C. Riley. And it's all music. (Channel 10)

10 p.m --Philadelphia Orchestra. Conductor Eugene Ormandy exhibits his teaching methods. (ETV, Channel 35)

11:30 p.m.--Movie. "They Ran For Their Lives." Killers pursue a couple across the desert to take valuabe papers. Stars Luana Patten, John Carradine, and Zig Zag. (Channel 19)

FRIDAY, JULY 27

10 a.m.--Muggings, part two. Barbara Walters hosts. (Channel 25)

8 p.m.–60 Minutes. Mike Wallace and Morley Safer anchor news, profiles, and features. Breaks late so we can't tell you much about it. (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m.–Changing Music. From Anarchy to Controlled Freedom examines the dilemma of total freedom confronting musicians in the early 20th century. (ETV, Channel 35)

9 p.m.–ABC News Special. How do black servicemen feel about the U.S. after years in a Vietnamese Prison Camp. Focuses on their reactions to the bussing controversy, the deaths of King and Robert Kennedy, and the emergence and decline of the Blank Panthers. (Channel 25)

9 p.m.--Movie. Inanity in the form of Bob Hope in "Call Me Bwana." (Channel 10)

9 p.m.–Movie. Peter Ustinov stats in "Hot Millions," billed as 'a delightful crime caper.' (Channel 19)

9:30 p.m.--Boy O Boy! The College All-Star Game. The top NFL rookies will meet the world champion Miami Dolphins in Chicago for the best televised football of the week. Matter of fact, the ONLY televised football of the week. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.--Movie. Elvis Presley in "Harem Scarum." The usual Presley schlop. (Channell 9)

1 a.m.--Midnight Special. What do you say to Dionne Warwicke, Johnny Mathis, Kenny Rogers and the First Edition, Leo Kottke, Malo, and Bud Brisbois at one o'clock in the morning. (Channel 10)

SATURDAY, JULY 28

2 p.m.--Movie. "Living It Up," (1954) Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, and Janet Leigh. Jerry as a railroad attendant whose sinus trouble is mistaken for radiation. Martin and Lewis will approve, but the rest of us will have to gag. (Channel 19)

2:30 p.m.--Movie. " He Rides Tall" (1964) Tony Young, Dan Duryea, Jo Morrow. Marshal discovers dirty work afoot on the ranch of his foster father. The foreman (who else) is the culprit. Would have been better as a silent movie.

4 p.m. -- Football. Oh My God! It's the first game of the exhibition season! The Hall of Fame Game pits New England against the San Francisco Forty-Niners. Stock up on the Iron City. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m. -- Braves Baseball. Atlanta tackles Houston while Home Run Aaron tries to beat the Babe. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. -- Movie. "The Group." (1966) Candice Bergen, Joan Hackett, Joanna Pettet, Shirley Knight, Mary McCarthy's best-selling novel about eight Vassar girls who graduate and keep in touch (most of those parts have been axed). The cast is excellent, but what could have been an extraordinary drama comes across as a soap opera most of the time. (Channel 10)

11 p.m. -- Movie. "Man-Made Monster." (1941) Lon Chaney, Lionel Atwill. After being used in a series of experiments a young man finds that he's immune to electric shock. A fine science fiction yarn with Chaney giving a creible performance. (Channel 19)

12:15 p.m. -- Movie. "Paranoiac" Janett Scott (Channel 25)

12:30 a. m. -- Movie. "The Big Gamble" (1961) Stephen Boyd, Juliette Greco, David Wayne. Anirsihman, his bride and a meek cousin seek their fortune on the Ivory Coast. Intended as an African Queen type of comedy adventure, it misses the mark by a mile.

SUNDAY, JULY 29

11:00 a.m. -- Bullwinkle. If you haven't seen Rocky and Bullwinkle in some time, tune in and discover what Natasha and Boris have in store for the squirrel and moose. (Channel 25)

12:30 p.m. -- Face the Nation. (Channel 19)

12:30 p.m. -- Meet the Press. (Channel 10)

1 p.m. -- Movie. "The Big Show" (1961) Esther Williams, Cliff Robertson, Nehemiah Persoff, Robert Vaughn. The son takes the rap for negligent father and returns from prison to find the situation dangerous and confusing. The movie is just as confusin. Sunday afternoons are a wonderful time to take a ride in the country or stroll around the neighborhood.

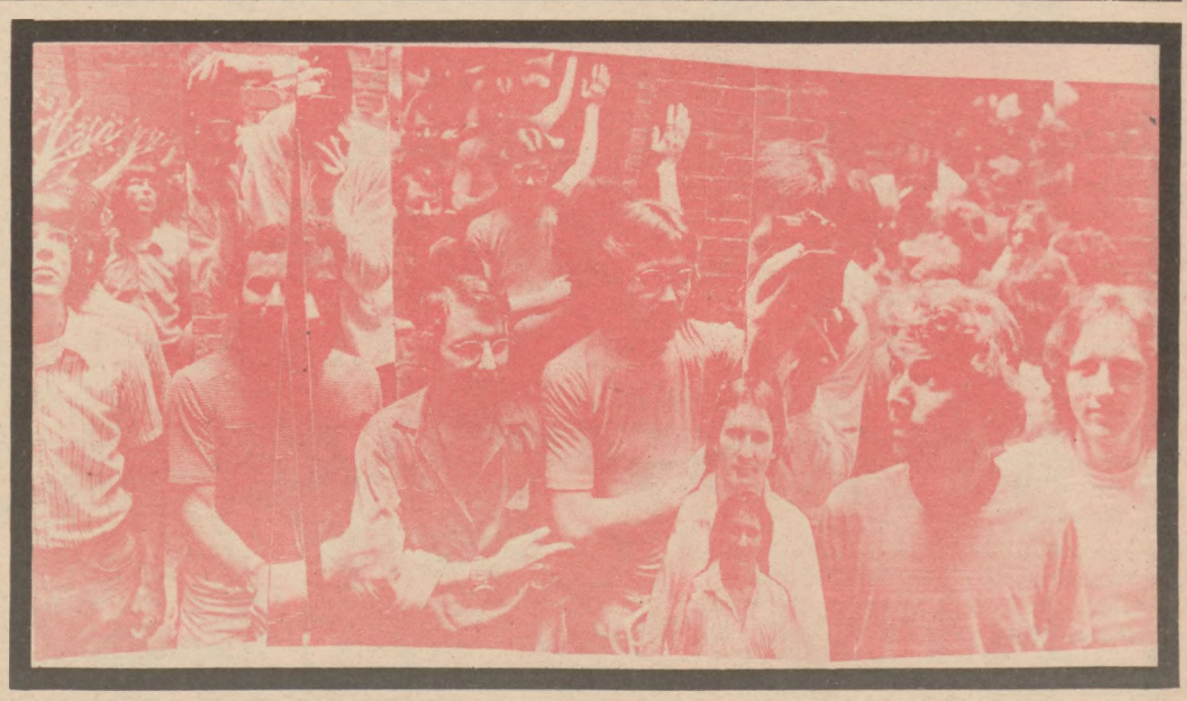
1:30 p.m. -- Issues and Answers . (Channel 25)

1 p.m. -- Movie. "About Mrs. Leslie" (1954). Shirley Booth, Robert Ryan. When a tycoon dies and leaves a boardinghouse owner some money, her secret love affair is recalled. This followup to Booth's award winning performance in "Come Back, Little Sheba" is unadorned soap opera only partly saved by the decent acting. (Channel 19)

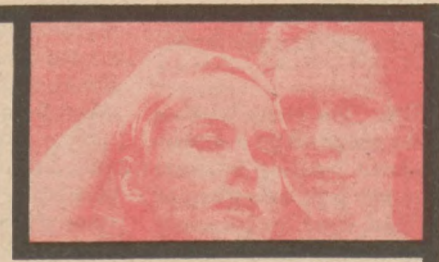
6 p.m. -- CBS News Retrospective screens one of the finest documentaries of all time, "Harvest of Shame," the 1960 portrait of the migrant.

9 p.m. -- Movie. "Three on a Couch". (1966) Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh, Mary Ann Mobley. Do yourself a favor and stay on your couch and let Jerry stay on his. (Channel 25)

11 p.m. -- Movie. "Country Girl" (1954). Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, William Holden. Superlative performances in a dynamic drama about a performer wallowing in self-pity who has a chance to make a comeback, Kelly won an Oscar for her portrayal, but Crosby is no less effective.



Gus Ellis, Roger Search, Greg Hricenak Jim Mills, Randy Hill, Charles West and John Henry–seven Columbia artists will open a show at the Columbia museum of art on July 28.



Special

The USC Russell House Theatre will screen the Ingmar Bergman film "Persona" Thursday, July 26 at 7 and 9 p.m. The film tells the story of two women isolated from society and depending on each other other for moral sustenance. The film laid the emotional framework for "Cries and Whispers." Admission is $1.